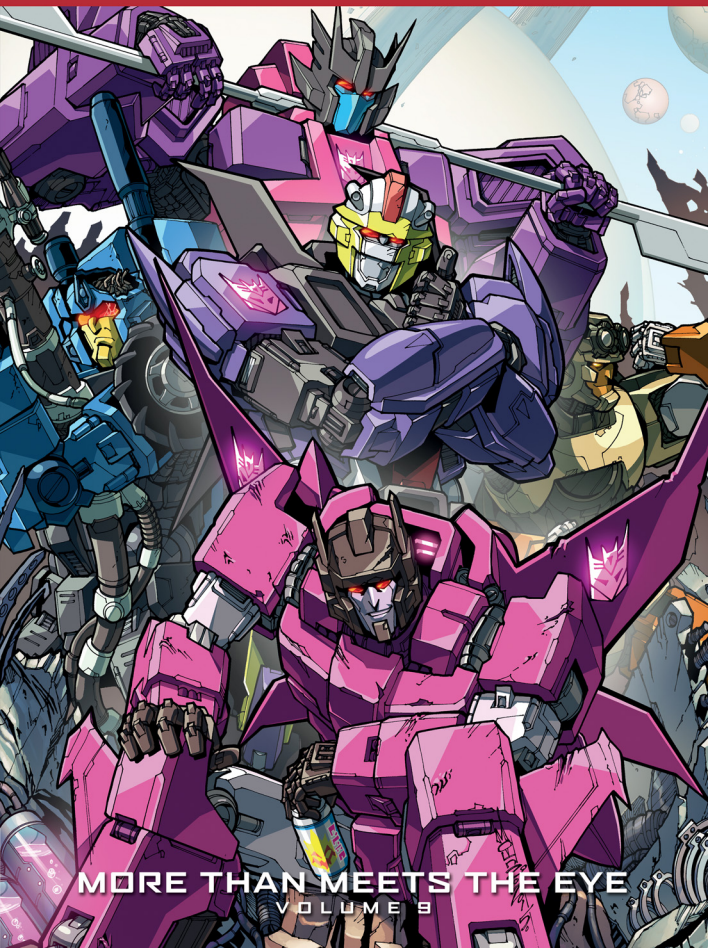
TRANSFORMERS



MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

VOLUME 9

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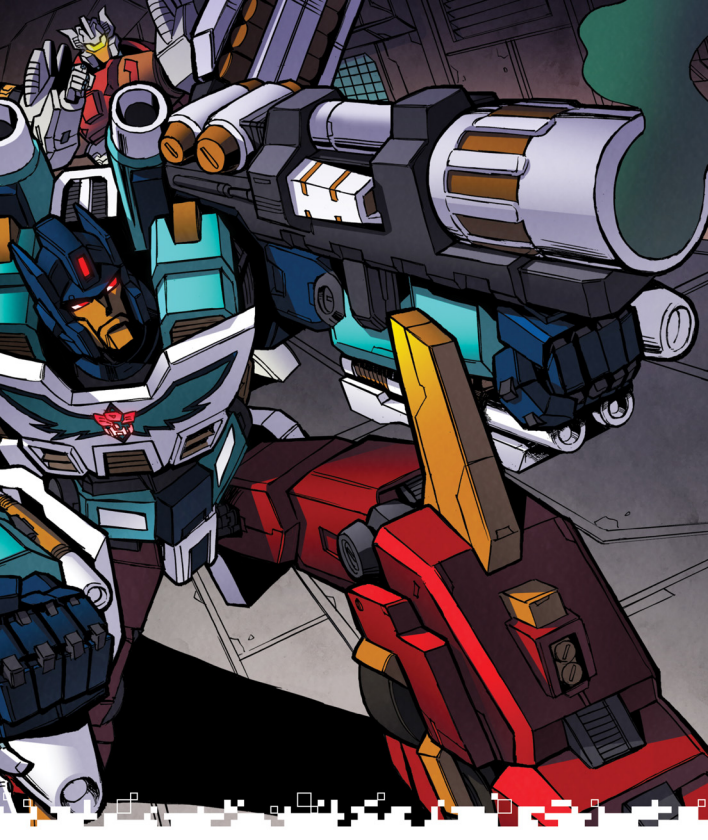

TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

VOLUME 9

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TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

VOLUME 9

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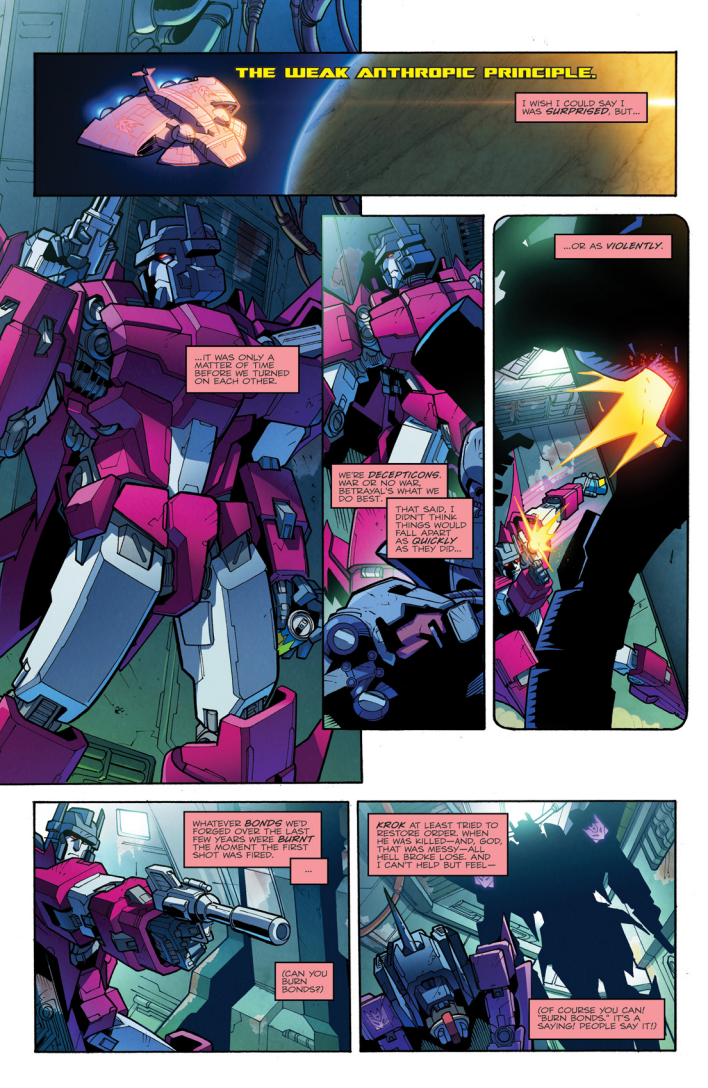
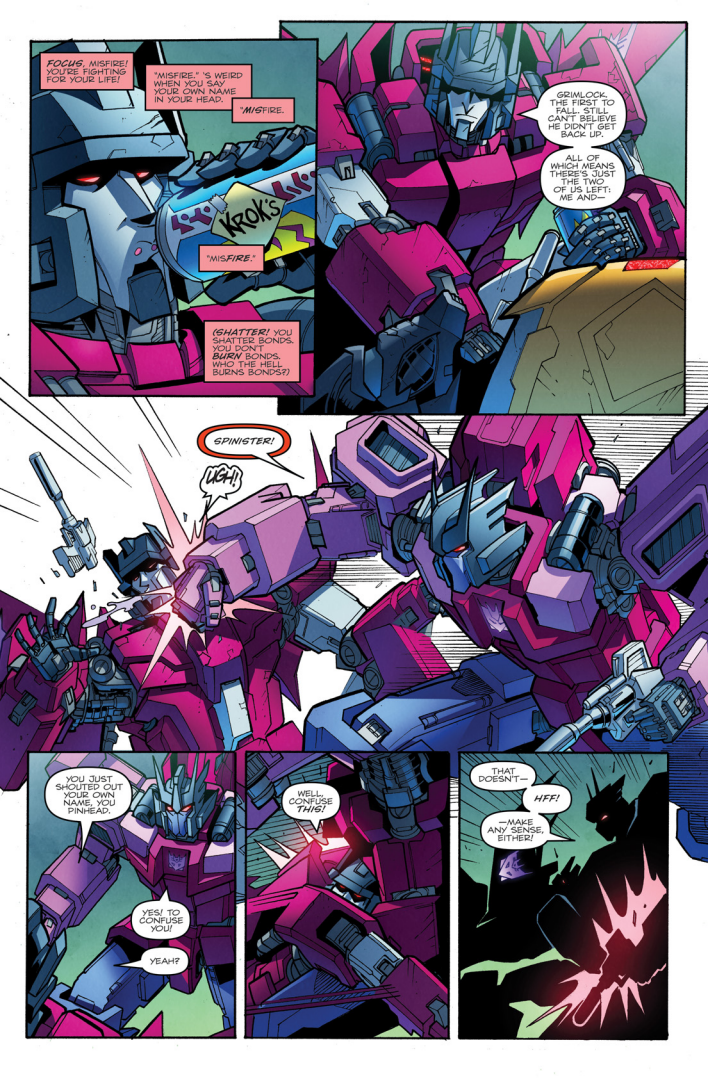
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #45 COVER A

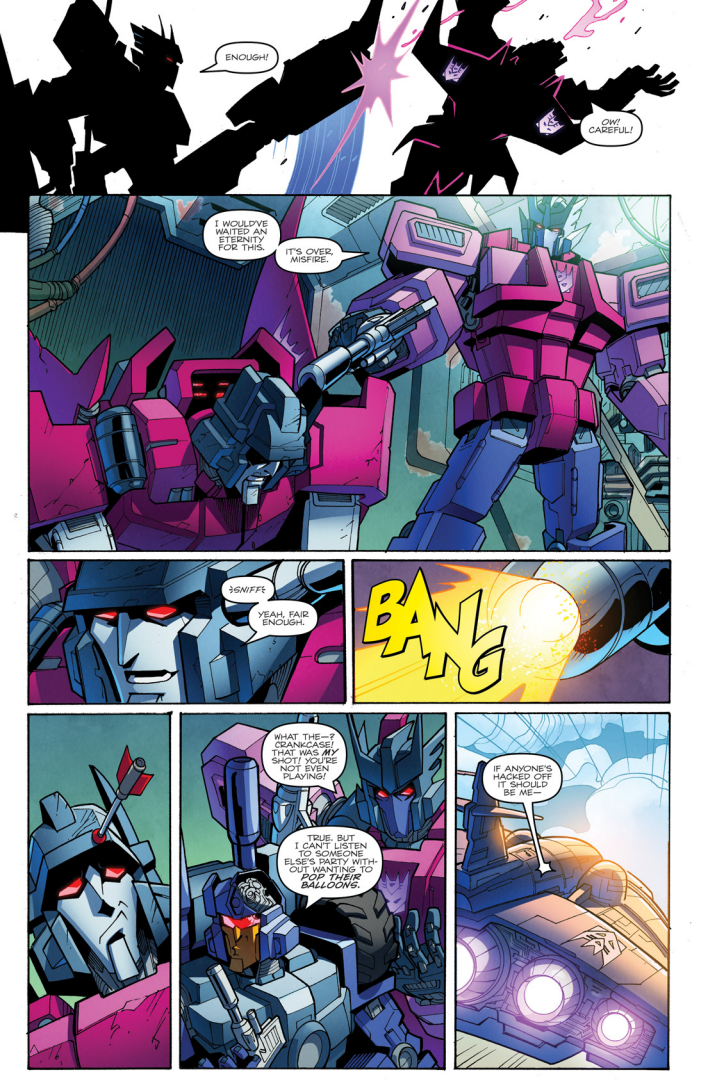
by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

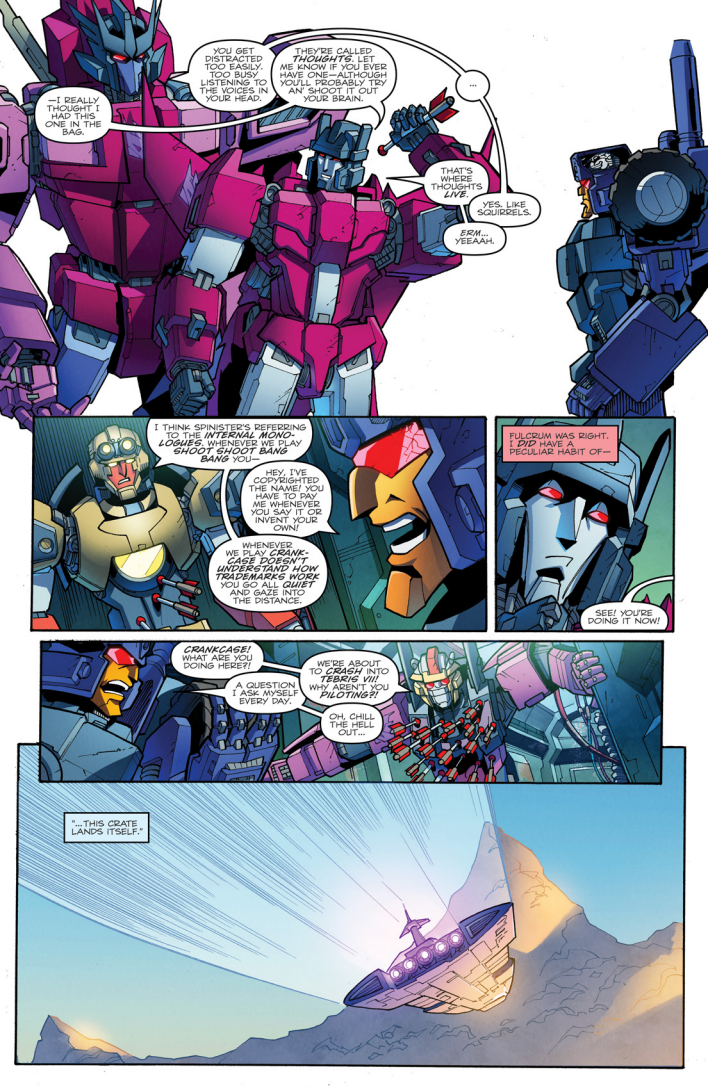
Previously, in TRANSFORMERS SCAVENGERS

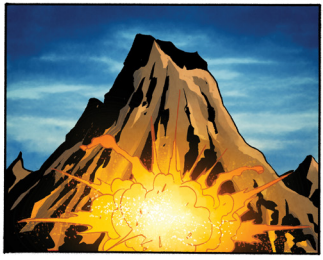
SO IF THIS PLANET FEELS "WRONG"/IT'S NOT THAT THE GRAVITY'S STRONG/IT'S THAT WHENEVER WE SPEAK/ OUR WORDS GET TURNED INTO SOOONG.
BUT I THINK THAT IT'S WORSE/ I THINK IT'S COS OF THE CURSE/I THINK TO CANCEL THE SPELL/WE HAVE TO KILL KROK IN *REVERSE*.
DAMMIT, SPINISTER! WHAT PART OF "*CONJUGATE THE VERB*" DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?!
KROK? IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN...
CHECK *US* OUT, BLENDING IN! YOU'D THINK WE WERE BORN AND BRED ON *MAGISTERIA VI!*
I LOVE HOW THE *HOLOMATTER PROGRAM* CREATES *AVATARS* THAT REFLECT OUR INDIVIDUAL PERSONALITIES.
I DUNNO, FULCRUM—I THINK THE PROGRAM'S STRUGGLING WITH *MAGISTERIAN GENDER*—DO I *LOOK* LIKE A ⌊e⌋18X₸₀?
THE FATE OF *THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE* RESTS ON MY NEXT MOVE, SPINISTER.
AND THE WORST THING IS, IF WE WIN, WE WON'T REMEMBER THIS MOMENT—OR THE PERFECTLY LOGICAL SERIES OF EVENTS WHICH GAVE RISE TO IT.
I CAN'T TELL IF GRIMLOCK'S *UP CLOSE* OR *FAR AWAY!*
THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED A *PERSPECTIVE TRAP!* TRY TO THINK IN THREE DIMENSIONS WHILE I BUILD A MAKESHIFT *VANISHING POINT!*
I KNOW WHAT'S *HAPPENED!* IT'S OBVIOUS WHAT'S HAPPENED!
I WANT TO KNOW HOW WE CAN MAKE IT *UNHAPPEN!*


THE WEAK ANTHROPIC PRINCIPLE.
I WISH I COULD SAY I WAS *SURPRISED*, BUT...
...IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE TURNED ON EACH OTHER.
WE'RE *DECEPTICONS*. WAR OR NO WAR, BETRAYAL'S WHAT WE DO BEST.
THAT SAID, I DIDN'T THINK THINGS WOULD FALL APART AS *QUICKLY* AS THEY DID...
...OR AS *VIOLENTLY*.
WHATEVER *BONDS* WE'D FORGED OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS WERE *BURNT* THE MOMENT THE FIRST SHOT WAS FIRED.
...
(CAN YOU BURN BONDS?)
KROK AT LEAST TRIED TO RESTORE ORDER. WHEN HE WAS KILLED—AND, GOD, THAT WAS MESSY—ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE. AND I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL—
(OF COURSE YOU CAN! "BURN BONDS." IT'S A SAYING! PEOPLE SAY IT!)

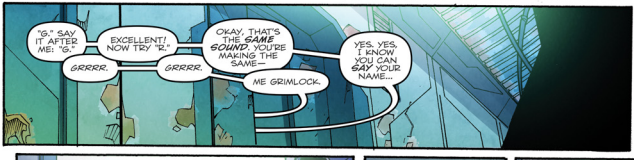

FOCUS, MISFIRE! YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE!
"MISFIRE." 'S WEIRD WHEN YOU SAY YOUR OWN NAME IN YOUR HEAD.
"MISFIRE.
KROK'S
"MISFIRE."
(SHATTER! YOU SHATTER BONDS. YOU DON'T BURN BONDS. WHO THE HELL BURNS BONDS?)
GRIMLOCK. THE FIRST TO FALL. STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE DIDN'T GET BACK UP.
ALL OF WHICH MEANS THERE'S JUST THE TWO OF US LEFT: ME AND—
SPINISTER!
UGH!!
YOU JUST SHOUTED OUT YOUR OWN NAME, YOU PINHEAD.
YES! TO CONFUSE YOU!
YEAH?
WELL, CONFUSE THIS!
THAT DOESN'T—
HFF!
—MAKE ANY SENSE, EITHER!


ENOUGH!
OW! CAREFUL!
I WOULD'VE WAITED AN ETERNITY FOR THIS.
IT'S OVER, MISFIRE.
SNIFF!
YEAH, FAIR ENOUGH.
BANG
WHAT THE—? CRANKCASE! THAT WAS MY SHOT! YOU'RE NOT EVEN PLAYING!
TRUE. BUT I CAN'T LISTEN TO SOMEONE ELSE'S PARTY WITHOUT WANTING TO POP THEIR BALLOONS.
IF ANYONE'S HACKED OFF IT SHOULD BE ME—


I REALLY THOUGHT I HAD THIS ONE IN THE BAG.
YOU GET DISTRACTED TOO EASILY. TOO BUSY LISTENING TO THE VOICES IN YOUR HEAD.
THEY'RE CALLED *THOUGHTS*, LET ME KNOW IF YOU EVER HAVE ONE—ALTHOUGH YOU'LL PROBABLY TRY AN' SHOOT IT OUT YOUR BRAIN.
...
THAT'S WHERE THOUGHTS *LIVE*.
YES. LIKE SQUIRRELS.
ERM... YEEAAH.
I THINK SPINISTER'S REFERRING TO THE *INTERNAL MONOLOGUES*, WHENEVER WE PLAY *SHOOT SHOOT BANG BANG* YOU—
HEY, I'VE COPYRIGHTED THE NAME! YOU HAVE TO PAY ME WHENEVER YOU SAY IT OR INVENT YOUR OWN!
WHENEVER WE PLAY *CRANKCASE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HOW TRADEMARKS WORK* YOU GO ALL *QUIET* AND GAZE INTO THE DISTANCE.
FULCRUM WAS RIGHT. I *DID* HAVE A PECULIAR HABIT OF—
SEE! YOU'RE DOING IT NOW!
CRANKCASE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!
A QUESTION I ASK MYSELF EVERY DAY.
WE'RE ABOUT TO *CRASH* INTO *TEBRIS VIII*! WHY AREN'T YOU *PILOTING*?!
OH, CHILL THE HELL OUT....
"...THIS CRATE LANDS ITSELF."



FOUR HOURS LATER

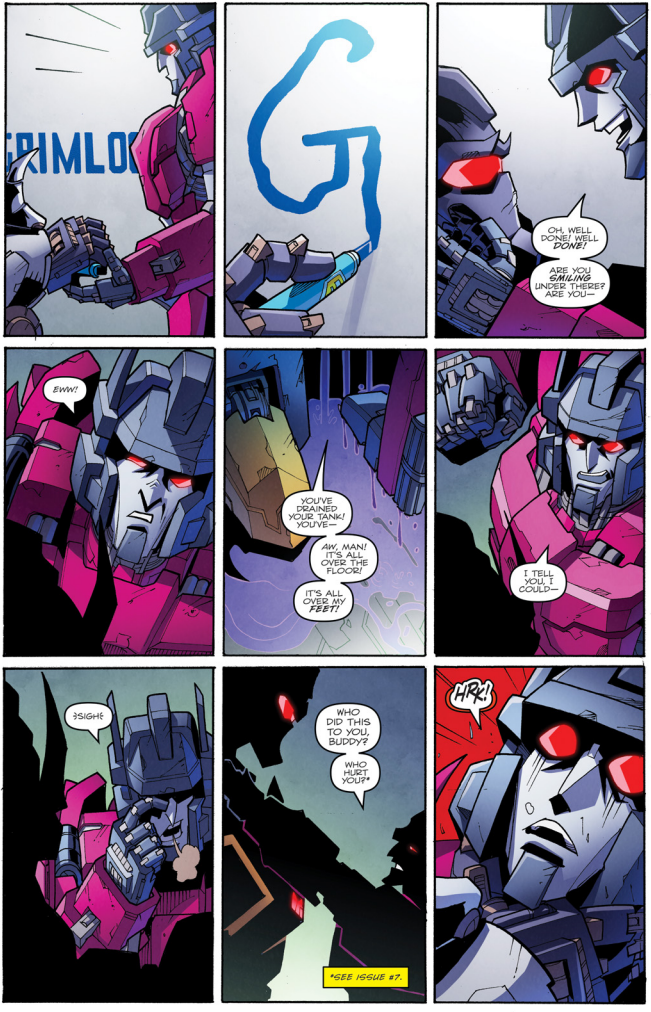

"G." SAY IT AFTER ME: "G."
EXCELLENT! NOW TRY "R."
GRRRR.
OKAY. THAT'S THE SAME SOUND. YOU'RE MAKING THE SAME—
GRRRR.
ME GRIMLOCK.
YES, YES, I KNOW YOU CAN SAY YOUR NAME...

GRIMLOCK'S QUARTERS.
...BUT I WANT YOU TO SPELL IT. SPELL IT, THEN WRITE IT, THEN... I DUNNO. WE'LL ATTEMPT SOMETHING LESS AMBITIOUS. UNIVERSAL HAPPINESS.
GRIMLOCK

C'MON, GRIMSY. WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS FOR MONTHS NOW—EVER SINCE WE FOUND YOU.
YOUR COMPREHENSION'S IMPROVED, BUT...

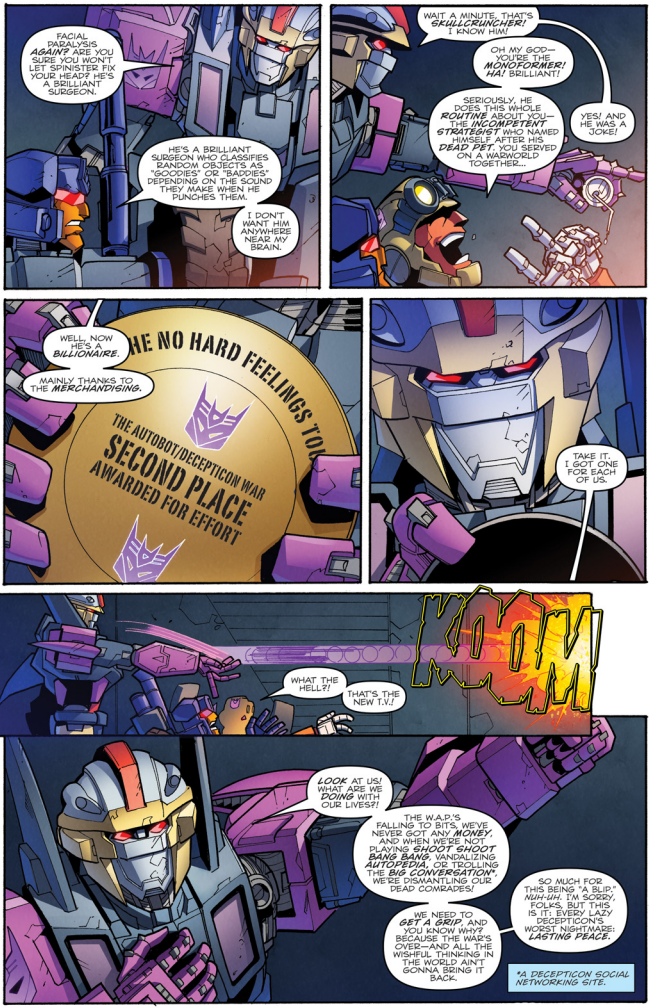
GRIMLO
THAT'S YOU, OKAY? GRIMLOCK OF IACON, AND BACK IN THE DAY...

BACK IN THE DAY YOU WERE FEARSOME. WE'D TELL STORIES ABOUT YOU TO THE NEW RECRUITS. SCARE THE BEJESUS OUT OF 'EM.
AND THEN SOMETHING SNAPPED. IN YOUR HEAD, IN YOUR SPARK. SOMETHING SNAPPED AND—
I DUNNO WHEN IT HAPPENED, OR WHY, OR WHO WAS TO BLAME. I KNOW YOU WERE A PRISONER. BUT I DON'T THINK THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH GARRUS 9...
I HAVE A CONTACT WHO SAYS YOU WENT MISSING. HE DIDN'T SAY YOU ESCAPED. HE DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE SPRUNG.
HE SAID "MISSING."


RIMLOC
OH, WELL DONE! WELL DONE!
ARE YOU SMILING UNDER THERE? ARE YOU—
EWW!
YOU'VE DRAINED YOUR TANK! YOU'VE—
AW, MAN! IT'S ALL OVER THE FLOOR!
IT'S ALL OVER MY FEET!
I TELL YOU, I COULD—
SIGH!
WHO DID THIS TO YOU, BUDDY?
WHO HURT YOU?*
*SEE ISSUE #7.
HRK!

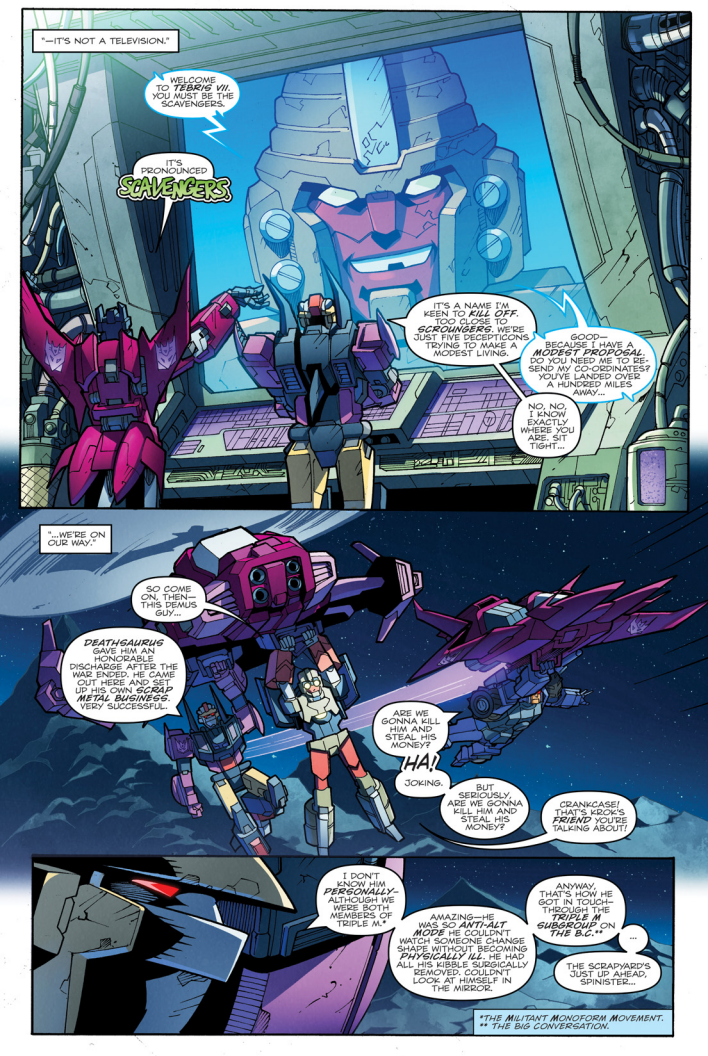
THE T.V. ROOM.
LET ME TELL YOU, THE INFILTRATION PROTOCOL IS THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF OUR TIME. PHASE 1 IS INFILTRATION. OBVIOUSLY. PHASE 2 IS...?
"STIRRING THINGS UP." YES, I'LL ACCEPT THAT. PHASE 2 IS DESTABILIZATION. OKAY. SO PHASE 3, WHO CAN TELL ME WHAT PHASE 3 IS? ANYONE...?
I LIKED WHEN HE—
SHH! I'M TRYING TO WATCH!
NO, BECAUSE NO ONE KNOWS LITERALLY NO ONE—
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE SHOUTED "PAPERWORK."
YEAH, YEAH, NO, YOU CAN'T— I LIKE HOW THAT WOULD WORK. YOU CAN'T INFILTRATE—
"PHASE 3: ADMINISTRATION."
—YOU CAN'T INFILTRATE AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION AND STEER IT TOWARDS EXTINCTION WITHOUT WRITING LOTS OF REPORTS.
SO ANYWAY, I'VE BEEN PART OF INFILTRATION SQUADS AND—
OOH, BIT OF A BIT OF A TEMPERATURE DROP IN THE ROOM THERE. DON'T WORRY, THEY WEREN'T PLANETS THAT YOU CARED ABOUT...
BUT NO, I'VE BEEN IN SQUADS AND AFTER PHASE 2 IT'S LIKE WHAT NOW?
SHOULD WE SKIP STRAIGHT TO PHASE 6? TOTAL ANNIHILATION? SHOULD WE CALL MEGATRON AND—
"HEY MEGS, THAT PLANET YOU WANTED TO CYBERFORM? IT'S ALL YOURS. SEND OVERLORD."
AND HE'S LIKE, "ALREADY? YOU'RE 75 YEARS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE..."
I WASN'T SURPRISED. I ALWAYS KNEW HE'D TURN. COS YOU CAN ALWAYS—
SO, MEGATRON! MEGATRON THE AUTOBOT. I KNOW, RIGHT?
YOU CAN! YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A CLOSET AUTOBOT.
BUT THERE ARE STILL SOME OF US WHO WON'T ACCEPT IT. I'M LIKE: "HE'S WEARING THE FRIKKIN' BADGE! HE'S WEARING IT—ON HIS CHEST! THE SAD LITTLE UPSIDE DOWN FACE!"
AH, BUT IT'S A RUSE. THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY. THE DENIERS. "HE'S STAGING HIS OWN INFILTRATION PROTOCOL."
SO RIGHT NOW HE'S STUCK ON THIS SHIP WITH—I'M NOT EVEN KIDDING—WITH THE BIGGEST BUNCH OF NO HOPERS YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE.
I'M TELLING YOU, THESE AUTOBOTS, I JUST CAN'T. THEY'RE THE ABSOLUTE WORST.
ANYWAY, HE'S ON THIS SHIP WHILE THE REST OF US GIVE UP, GIVE IN, HAVE BREAK-DOWNS, SURRENDER, SELL OUT SIX DATES AT THE COMEDICA, WHATEVER, AND HE'S THINKING "THIS IS SO GOING TO PLAN."
PHASE 1: INFILTRATION. SORTED. PHASE 2: DESTABILIZATION. YUP, TOTALLY UNDERWAY. PHASE 3: ER....
HE'S TRAPPED ON BOARD THIS SHIP WITH THESE AUTOBOTS. HE'S PRETENDING TO BE A GOOD GUY, HE'S AGREED TO STAND TRIAL FOR HIS CRIMES—HE CAN'T BACK DOWN NOW—AND HE'S LIKE, "WHAT THE HELL IS PHASE 3?! I SHOULD KNOW THIS! I INVENTED THIS!
"WHY DIDN'T I WRITE IT DOWN?!"

KLIK
UHRRR...
••• REPAIR PROGRAM INITIATED •••70% COMPLETE)))
HELLO?
EVERYONE OKAY? EVERYONE ALRIGHT?
"WE'RE FINE THANKS, KROK. ARE YOU OKAY? WE WERE SO WORRIED WE BUGGERED OFF AND LEFT YOU LYING ON THE FLOOR."
KLIK KLIK
THE BRIDGE.
WHERE'S MY—?
MISFIRE! WHO'S TAKEN MY ENGEX?
IT WAS LABELLED. I—
MISFIRE!
I LABELLED IT. I PUT A LABEL ON IT.
—AND WE USED TO SAY TO HIM "MEGATRON, MATE. WHY NOT GET ALL THE PHASE SIXERS AND THROW 'EM AT THE AUTOBOTS?"
LIKE, "FORGET THE PLANETS! YOU CAN CYBERFORM AS MANY PLANETS AS YOU LIKE ONCE YOU'VE KILLED ALL OUR ENEMIES!
"YOU'RE NOT MAKING THE BEST USE OF YOUR ASSETS."
WHAT ARE YOU WATCHING? IT'S VERY LOUD.
THAT NEW POSTWAR COMEDIAN. "THE SELF-HATING DECEPTICON." BIT OBSERVATIONAL, BIT EDGY. SAYS THE UNSAYABLE.
OH REALLY? BET HE DOESN'T GO ANYWHERE NEAR THE D.J.D.
THIS IS FROM THE NO HARD FEELINGS TOUR. THERE'S SOME ABSOLUTELY CLASSIC STARSCREAM/RATBAT STUFF. I CAN'T DO THE VOICES BUT IT IS LIQUID MAGIC.
CRANKCASE DOESN'T THINK SO...
GRUMPITRON? IGNORE HIM. HIS SMILE'S NOT WORKING.


FACIAL PARALYSIS *AGAIN?* ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T LET SPINISTER FIX YOUR HEAD? HE'S A BRILLIANT SURGEON!
HE'S A BRILLIANT SURGEON WHO CLASSIFIES RANDOM OBJECTS AS "GOODIES" OR "BADDIES" DEPENDING ON THE SOUND THEY MAKE WHEN HE PUNCHES THEM.
I DON'T WANT HIM ANYWHERE NEAR MY BRAIN.
WAIT A MINUTE. THAT'S *SKULLCRUNCHER!* I KNOW HIM!
OH MY GOD— YOU'RE THE *MONOFORMER!* HA! BRILLIANT!
SERIOUSLY, HE DOES THIS WHOLE *ROUTINE* ABOUT YOU— THE *INCOMPETENT STRATEGIST* WHO NAMED HIMSELF AFTER HIS *DEAD PET* YOU SERVED ON A WASTEWORLD TOGETHER...
YES! AND HE WAS A JOKE!
WELL, NOW HE'S A *BILLIONAIRE.*
MAINLY THANKS TO THE *MERCHANDISING.*
HE NO HARD FEELINGS TOO
THE AUTOBOT/DECEPTICON WAR
SECOND PLACE
AWARDED FOR EFFORT
TAKE IT. I GOT ONE FOR EACH OF US.
KRAKOOM
WHAT THE HELL?!
THAT'S THE NEW T.V.!
LOOK AT US! WHAT ARE WE *DOING* WITH OUR LIVES?!
THE W.A.P.'S FALLING TO BITS, WE'VE NEVER GOT ANY *MONEY*, AND WHEN WE'RE NOT PLAYING *SHOOT SHOOT BANG BANG*, VANDALIZING *AUTOPEDIA*, OR TROLLING THE *BIG CONVERSATION**, WE'RE DISMANTLING OUR DEAD COMRADES!
SO MUCH FOR THIS BEING "A BLIP." *NUH-UH.* I'M SORRY, FOLKS, BUT THIS IS IT: EVERY LAZY DECEPTICON'S WORST NIGHTMARE: *LASTING PEACE.*
WE NEED TO *GET A GRIP*, AND YOU KNOW WHY? BECAUSE THE WAR'S OVER—AND ALL THE WISHFUL THINKING IN THE WORLD AIN'T GONNA BRING IT BACK.
*A DECEPTICON SOCIAL NETWORKING SITE.

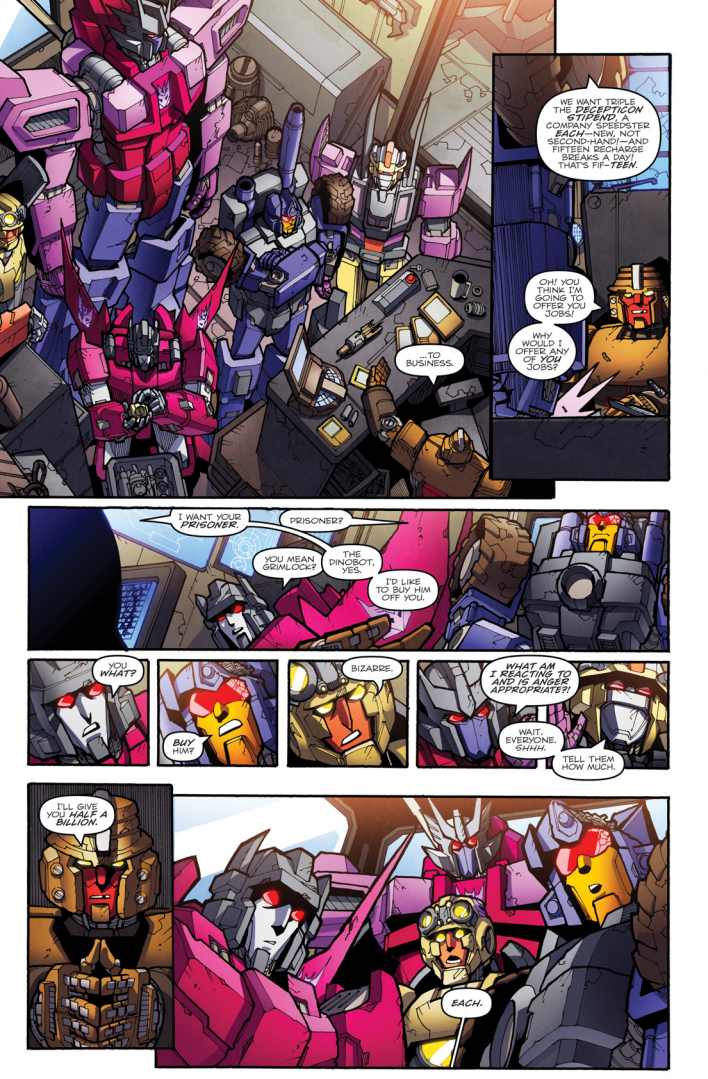
WHEN WE FOUND YOU ON CLEMENCY WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON. NOW WE DO, AND IT'S WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT.
KLIK KLIK KLIK
THE AUTOBOTS HAVE WON. MEGATRON'S FLIPPED AND STARSCREAM'S IN CHARGE OF CYBERTRON!
STARSCREAM!
AT LEAST THE AUTOBOTS WERE UPFRONT ABOUT WANTING TO KILL US! I WOULDN'T TRUST STARSCREAM TO TELL ME MY OWN NAME!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO RANT.
AND YOU'VE STARTED CLICKING AGAIN. IS THIS ABOUT—
IT'S ABOUT SKULLCRUNCHER! IT'S ABOUT YET ANOTHER EX-CON WHO'S MADE GOOD!
EVERYONE ELSE IS BUSY BECOMING SUCCESSFUL WHILE I'M WRITING MY NAME ON CANS OF CHEAP ENGEX!
RANDOM EXAMPLE: AGONIZER! HE AND I WERE BUILT SIDE BY SIDE. WE TRAINED TOGETHER.
HE USED TO GO OUT EVERY NIGHT, DECAPITATING AUTOBOTS. NOW HE'S AN ANTIQUARIAN ON TROJA MAJOR. HE'S SETTLED DOWN—HE'S HAPPY—AND FAIR PLAY TO HIM!
AND BITEBACK—AN M.T.O.*, FOR PITY'S SAKE! TOTAL NONENTITY, AND HE LIVES UP LAUNCHES THE BIG CONVERSATION! HE'S RAKING IT IN!
*A MADE TO ORDER SOLDIER.
WHADDYA MEAN "EVERY LADY DECEPTICON'S WORST NIGHTMARE"? WE HAVE ADVENTURES! WE DO STUFF!
NO, CRANKCASE. STUFF DOES US.
WE SHOULD BE TAKING CONTROL OF OUR LIVES! DECIDING WHAT WE WANT, AND MAKING IT HAPPEN! NO MORE SURPRI—
—SES!
THUD

RAAARGGH!
I'VE GOT THIS!
I'VE GOT THIS!
NO ONE PANIC!
WHO'S PANICKING?
CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM
HEY! NOT NECESSARY! TEN MORE SECONDS AND HE'D HAVE PASSED OUT! YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S LIKE WHEN HE FITS!
LOCK HIM IN HIS ROOM.
FINE. WHATEV.
I'M SORRY, MISFIRE, BUT I DON'T THINK YOUR PET CAN BE HOUSE-TRAINED AND HE'S GETTING STRONGER—HE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO CONTAIN HIM NEXT TIME.
NOT TO WORRY, BECAUSE NEXT TIME YOU CAN GET YOUR OLD SQUAD TO COME HELP US OUT, RIGHT?
GIVE THE OLD COMMUNICATOR A CLICKETY-CLICK?
HEY.
NOT. COOL.
OH SOD OFF FULCRUM. WE'VE BEEN WALKING ON EGGSHELLS FOR YEARS! MAYBE A GOOD STAMP WILL CLEAR THE AIR!
GUYS! THE GIANT TV IS TALKING TO ME AGAIN, AND IT'S CHANGED ITS FACE! IT SAYS IT'S NAME IS DEMUS!
FOR THE LAST TIME—

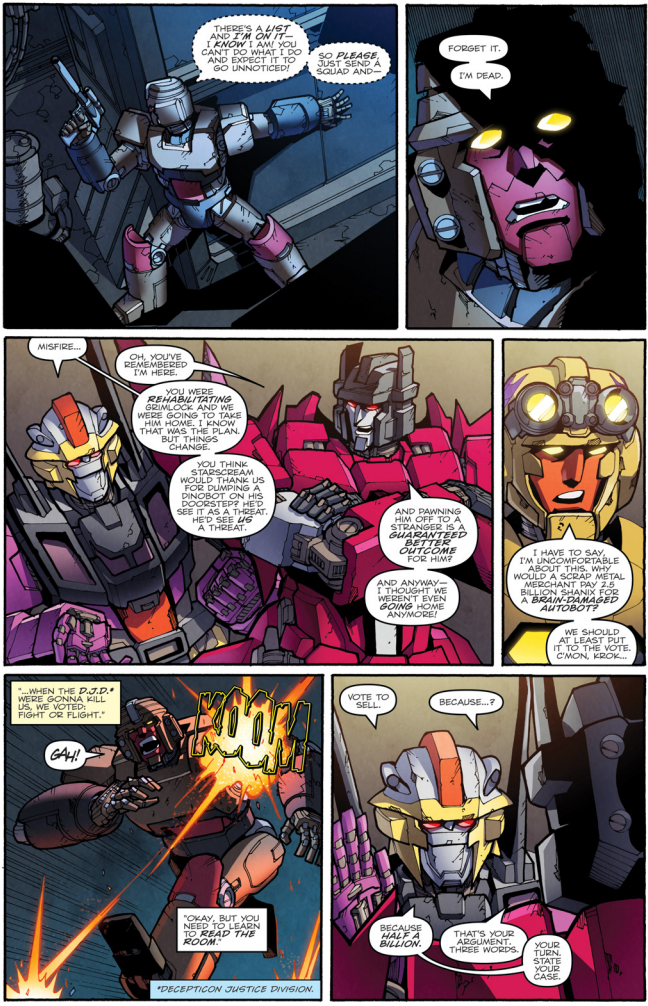

"—IT'S NOT A TELEVISION."
WELCOME TO TEBRIS VII. YOU MUST BE THE SCAVENGERS.
IT'S PRONOUNCED SCAVENGERS
IT'S A NAME I'M KEEN TO KILL OFF. TOO CLOSE TO SCROUNGERS. WE'RE JUST FIVE DECEPTICONS TRYING TO MAKE A MODEST LIVING.
GOOD—BECAUSE I HAVE A MODEST PROPOSAL. DO YOU NEED ME TO RE-SEND MY CO-ORDINATES? YOU'VE LANDED OVER A HUNDRED MILES AWAY...
NO. NO, I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE. SIT TIGHT...
"...WE'RE ON OUR WAY."
SO COME ON, THEN— THIS DEMUS GUY...
DEATHSAURUS GAVE HIM AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE AFTER THE WAR ENDED. HE CAME OUT HERE AND SET UP HIS OWN SCRAP METAL BUSINESS VERY SUCCESSFUL.
ARE WE GONNA KILL HIM AND STEAL HIS MONEY?
HA!
JOKING.
BUT SERIOUSLY, ARE WE GONNA KILL HIM AND STEAL HIS MONEY?
CRANKCASE! THAT'S KRONK'S FRIEND YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
I DON'T KNOW HIM PERSONALLY, ALTHOUGH WE WERE BOTH MEMBERS OF TRIPLE M.*
AMAZING—HE WAS SO ANTI-ALT MODE HE COULDN'T WATCH SOMEONE CHANGE SHAPE WITHOUT BECOMING PHYSICALLY ILL. HE HAD ALL HIS KIBBLE SURGICALLY REMOVED. COULDN'T LOOK AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.
ANYWAY, THAT'S HOW HE GOT IN TOUCH— THROUGH THE TRIPLE M SUBGROUP ON THE B.C.**
...
THE SCRAPYARD'S JUST UP AHEAD, SPINISTER...
*THE MILITANT MONOFORM MOVEMENT.
** THE BIG CONVERSATION.

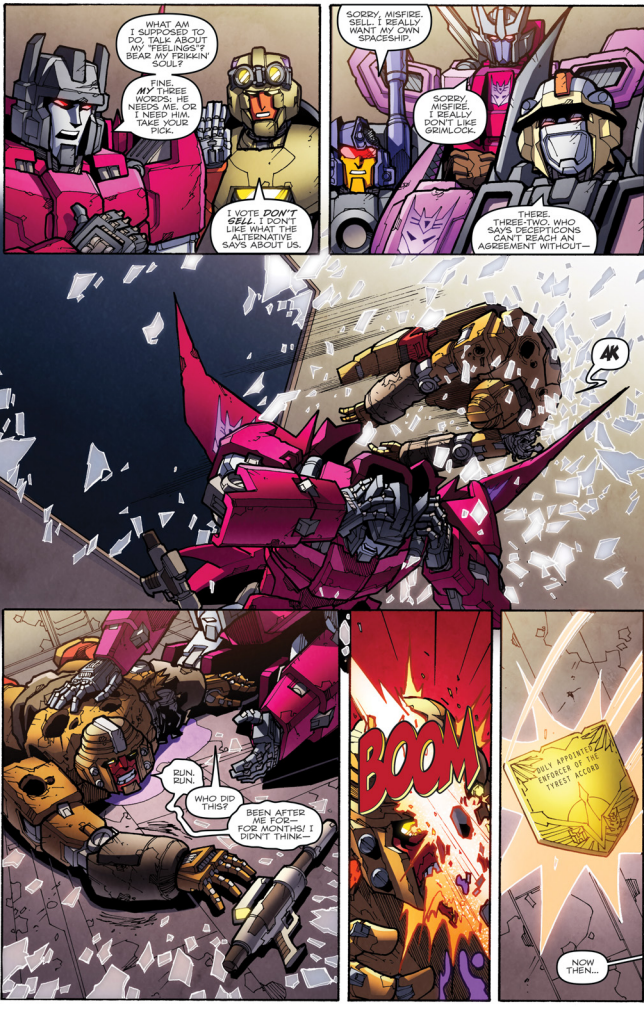
"...MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T SEE YOU CHANGE."
NICE DUMP...
HE CAN'T BE *THAT* RICH, CAN HE? THERE'S NOT *THAT* MUCH MONEY TO BE MADE IN SCRAP.
HE OWNS 14 MOONS.
MOONS?
HE COLLECTS THEM. VINTAGE MOONS.
NO, HE *DOESN'T*.
DOES HE?
OH MY GOD. HE'S GONNA GIVE US A JOB. WE'RE GONNA END UP ON THE *PAYROLL*.
WE'RE GONNA BE *EMPLOYEES*. WE'RE GONNA HAVE *RESPONSIBILITIES*.
I FEEL SICK.
LOOK AT YOUR FEET.
DEMUS?
THE *INHIBITOR* CHIPS WILL STOP YOUR FRIENDS FROM USING THEIR *TRANSFORMATION COGS*.
DON'T WORRY— THE CHIPS'LL BURN OUT AFTER AN HOUR. NO HARM DONE.
I'M SORRY. I HAVE A CONDITION.

YOU SEEM DISTRACTED. EXPECTING ANYONE ELSE?
ALWAYS.
FORGIVE THE RATHER CIRCUITOUS ROUTE TO MY OFFICE—I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A STOCKTAKE AND IT'S CHAOS.
STOCKTAKE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SCRAP METAL MERCHANT.
I AM...
WHAT I DON'T SELL I USE TO BUILD THESE.
TOYS?
TOY PETS. I STARTED OFF MAKING DOMESTIC APPLIANCES, AND THE BESTSELLERS WERE ALWAYS THE ONES THAT LOOKED LIKE THEY HAD FACES... SO I BRANCHED OUT.
ROBOIDS™
THEY'RE A BIT OF FUN. LIMITED BATTERY LIFE, A FEW PRE-RECORDED PHRASES, SOME GLOW-IN-THE-DARK PANELS.
HOW MUCH?
SORRY, THEY'RE ALL PRE-SOLD. I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH DEMAND, NOW...


WE WANT TRIPLE THE DECEPTICON STIPEND. A COMPANY SPEEDSTER EACH—NEW, NOT SECOND-HAND!—AND FIFTEEN RECHARGE BREAKS A DAY! THAT'S FIF-TEEN.
OH! YOU THINK I'M GOING TO OFFER YOU JOBS!
WHY WOULD I OFFER ANY OF YOU JOBS?
...TO BUSINESS.
I WANT YOUR PRISONER.
PRISONER?
YOU MEAN GRIMLOCK?
THE DINOBOT, YES.
I'D LIKE TO BUY HIM OFF YOU.
YOU WHAT?
BUY HIM?
BIZARRE.
WHAT AM I REACTING TO AND IS ANGER APPROPRIATE?!
WAIT. EVERYONE. SHHH.
TELL THEM HOW MUCH.
I'LL GIVE YOU HALF A BILLION.
EACH.

BZLT
NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT...
I CAN SEE MY OFFER'S TAKEN *SOME* OF YOU BY SURPRISE. BY ALL MEANS TALK IT THROUGH.
OKAY, SO HEAR ME OUT...
OF COURSE IT'S ME. WHO ELSE WOULD BE--
BECAUSE I'M A FRIKKIN' *TARGET*. THAT'S WHY!
WHERE *ARE* YOU? YOU SAID YOU'D--
YES! YES! THAT WAS THE *WHOLE DEAL*! I AGREED TO HELP YOU OUT AND YOU GUARANTEED *PROTECTION*.
I SCRATCH YOUR BACK, YOU STOP MINE GETTING *SHOT TO BITS*.
CRANKCASE. WITH HALF A BILLION, YOU COULD BUY YOUR OWN *STARSHIP*. YOU COULD GET YOUR HEAD FIXED BY THE BEST NEUROSURGEONS IN THE GALAXY!
AND SPINISTER! YOU COULD GO HUNTING *ALL THE TIME*!
IMAGINE! ALL THOSE LITTLE FLESHLINGS RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES!
ARE YOU REALLY OKAY WITH THIS?
OF COURSE I AM! ARENT YOU? HALF A BILLION! YOU COULD USE IT TO--TO--
...
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT TO DO AGAIN?
I'M *DOING* WHAT I WANT TO DO! AND YOU'RE CLEARLY *NOT* OR WE WOULDN'T BE HERE...


THERE'S A LIST AND I'M ON IT— I KNOW I AM! YOU CAN'T DO WHAT I DO AND EXPECT IT TO GO UNNOTICED!
SO PLEASE, JUST SEND A SQUAD AND—
FORGET IT.
I'M DEAD.
MISFIRE...
OH, YOU'VE REMEMBERED I'M HERE.
YOU WERE REHABILITATING GRIMLOCK AND WE WERE GOING TO TAKE HIM HOME. I KNOW THAT WAS THE PLAN, BUT THINGS CHANGE.
YOU THINK STARSCREAM WOULD THANK US FOR DUMPING A DINOBOT ON HIS DOORSTEP? HE'D SEE IT AS A THREAT. HE'D SEE US AS A THREAT.
AND PAWNING HIM OFF TO A STRANGER IS A GUARANTEED BETTER OUTCOME FOR HIM?
AND ANYWAY— I THOUGHT WE WEREN'T EVEN GOING HOME ANYMORE!
I HAVE TO SAY, I'M UNCOMFORTABLE ABOUT THIS. WHY WOULD A SCRAP METAL MERCHANT PAY 2.5 BILLION SHINY FOR A BRAIN-DAMAGED AUTOBOT?
WE SHOULD AT LEAST PUT IT TO THE VOTE. C'MON, KROK...
"...WHEN THE D.J.D.* WERE GONNA KILL US, WE VOTED: FIGHT OR FLIGHT."
KOOM
GAH!
"OKAY, BUT YOU NEED TO LEARN TO READ THE ROOM."
*DECEPTICON JUSTICE DIVISION.
VOTE TO SELL.
BECAUSE...?
BECAUSE HALF A BILLION.
THAT'S YOUR ARGUMENT. THREE WORDS.
YOUR TURN. STATE YOUR CASE.


WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO, TALK ABOUT MY FEELINGS? BEAR MY FRIKKIN' SOUL?
FINE. MY THREE WORDS: HE NEEDS ME, OR I NEED HIM. TAKE YOUR PICK.
I VOTE DON'T SELL. I DON'T LIKE WHAT THE ALTERNATIVE SAYS ABOUT US.
SORRY, MISFIRE. SELL. I REALLY WANT MY OWN SPACESHIP.
SORRY, MISFIRE. I REALLY DON'T LIKE GRIMLOCK.
THERE. THREE-TWO. WHO SAYS DECEPTICONS CAN'T REACH AN AGREEMENT WITHOUT—
4K
RUN. RUN.
WHO DID THIS?
BEEN AFTER ME FOR... FOR MONTHS! I DIDN'T THINK—
BOOM
DULY APPOINTED ENFORCER OF THE TYREST ACCORD
NOW THEN...

...WHO'S NEXT?
SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE AUTOBOTS

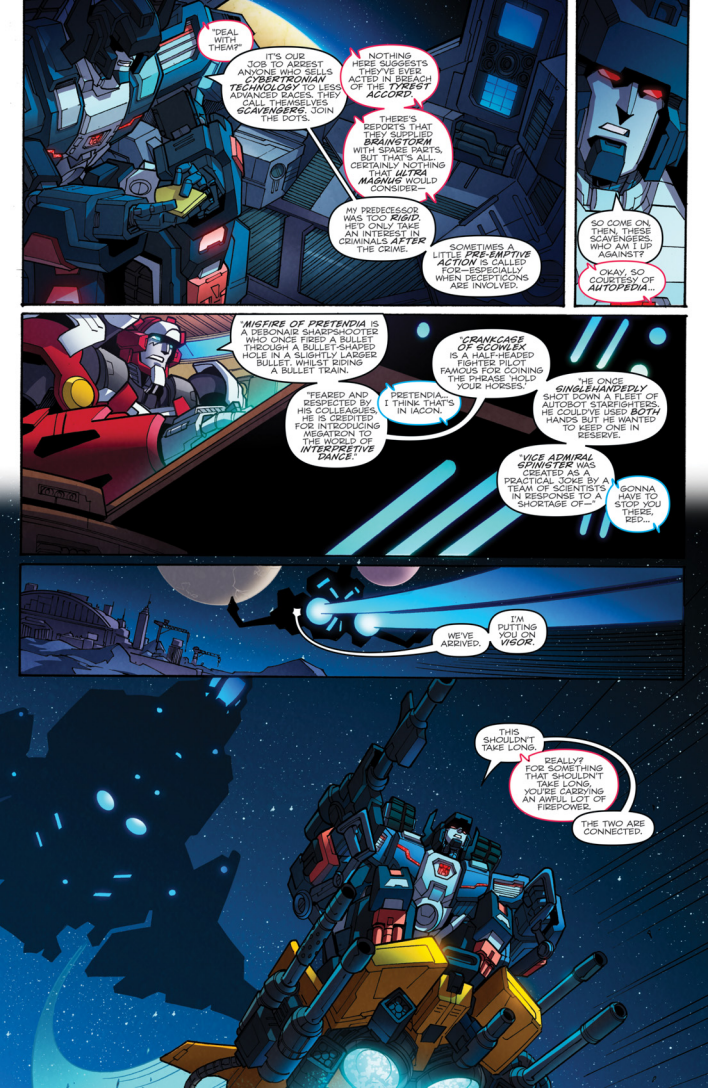
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #45 COVER SUB

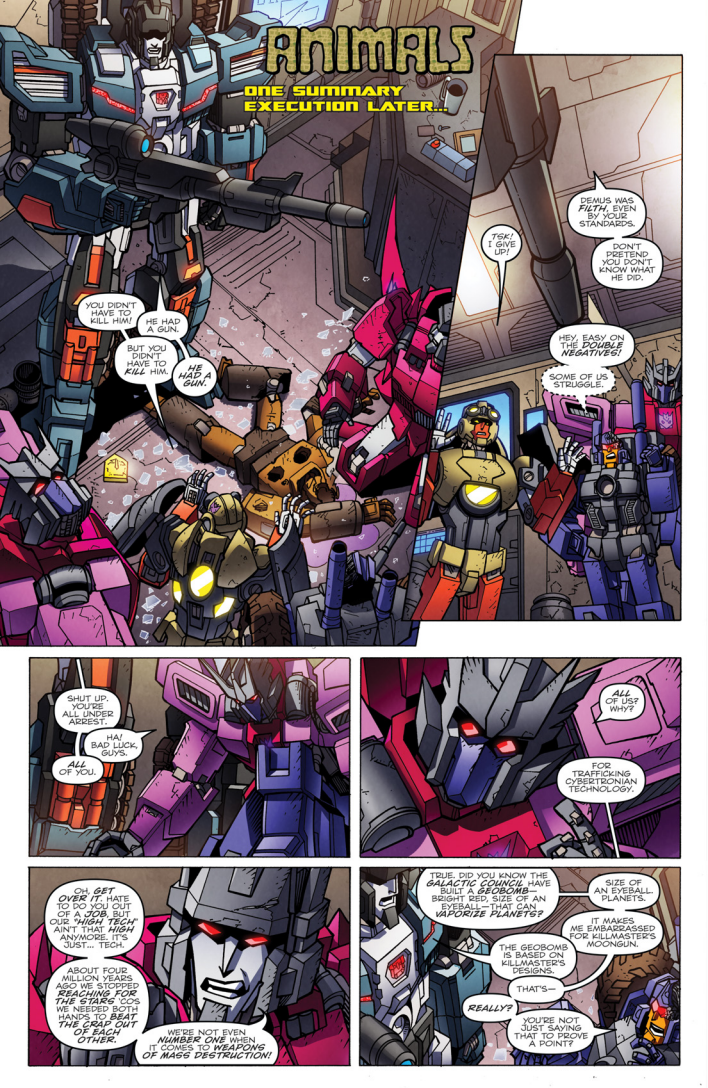
by **NICK ROCHE** Colors by **JOSH BURCHAM**

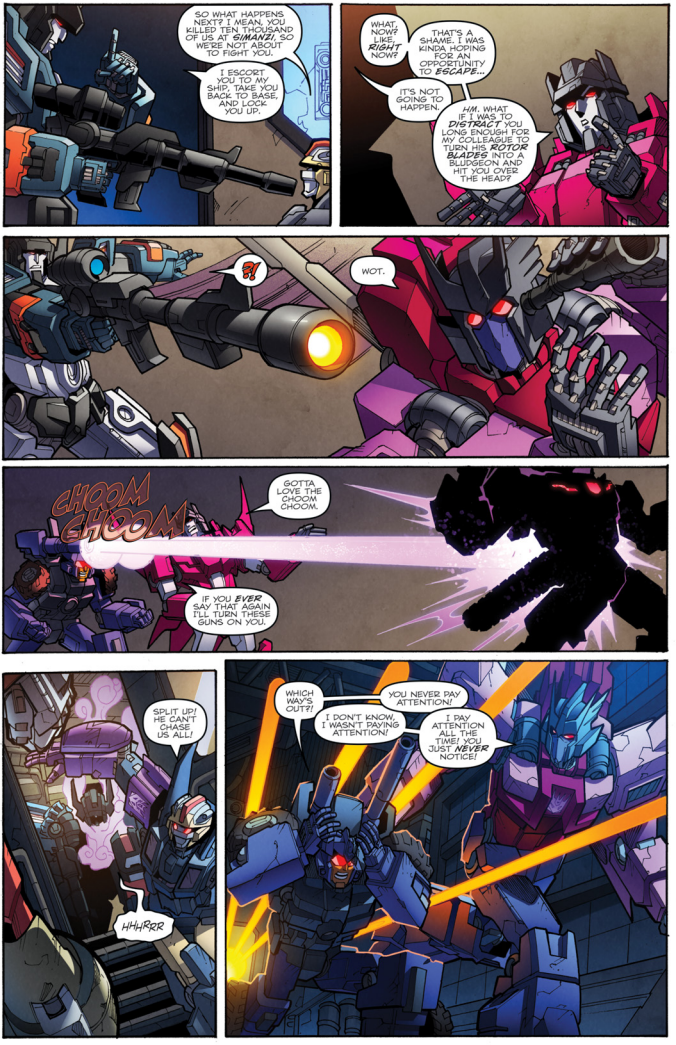
☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #46 COVER A

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

THE CONCORDAT. TEN MINUTES AWAY FROM TEBRIS VII.
AND SO I RE-READ EVERY EDITION OF WRECKERS: DECLASSIFIED AND—
EVERY EDITION? ALL 332? GOOD GOD.
I KNOW LUNA 1 ISN'T THE MOST EXCITING PLACE, BUT...
ALL 332— AND THE SPECIALS, AND I WENT THROUGH AND CORRECTED EVERY "TYPO."
AND?
COME ON, RED ALERT— I KNOW SCARE QUOTES WHEN I HEAR THEM, AND YOURS ARE ALWAYS DEAFENING.
LUNA 1.
AND THEY WEREN'T TYPOS! IRONFIST DIDN'T MAKE MISTAKES— HE LEFT CLUES!
IF YOU REMOVE THE FIRST 18 WRONG LETTERS AND REARRANGE THEM, YOU GET A MESSAGE: "THESE AREN'T MISTAKES."
SO... CRACKING THE CODE REVEALS THE EXISTENCE OF THE CODE?
LAYERS, MAX. CLUES WITHIN CLUES. FALSE STARTS. FAKE FALSE STARTS. LAYERS.
SO DON'T BE SURPRISED WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THE NEXT BATCH OF LETTERS, MORE OR LESS, SPELLS, "DON'T TRUST THESE MESSAGES."
WHY HAVE YOU GONE QUIET?
SORRY, RED. DISTRACTED. I'M PICKING UP IMAGES OF A CRASHED SHIP—
—AND IT LOOKS CYBERTRONIAN.
IT DOESN'T BELONG TO DEMUS?
YOU TELL ME. I'M LINKING YOU TO THE FEED.
OKAY, GOT A MATCH.
IT'S AN EXPLORATION VESSEL— A MODEL 84. THE WEAK ANTHROPIC PRINCIPLE.
AUTOBOT REGISTERED BUT LINKED TO A GROUP OF DECEPTICON DESERTERS KNOWN AS THE SCAVENGERS.
FINE. I'LL DEAL WITH THEM AFTER DEMUS.


"DEAL WITH THEM?"
IT'S OUR JOB TO ARREST ANYONE WHO SELLS CYBERTRONIAN TECHNOLOGY TO LESS ADVANCED RACES. THEY CALL THEMSELVES SCAVENGERS. JOIN THE DOTS.
NOTHING HERE SUGGESTS THEY'VE EVER ACTED IN BREACH OF THE TYREST ACCORD.
THERE'S REPORTS THAT THEY SUPPLIED BRAINSTORM WITH SPARE PARTS, BUT THAT'S ALL. CERTAINLY NOTHING THAT ULTRA MAGNUS WOULD CONSIDER—
MY PREDECESSOR WAS TOO RIGID. HE'D ONLY TAKE AN INTEREST IN CRIMINALS AFTER THE CRIME.
SOMETIMES A LITTLE PRE-EMPTIVE ACTION IS CALLED FOR—ESPECIALLY WHEN DECEPTICONS ARE INVOLVED.
SO COME ON, THEN, THESE SCAVENGERS. WHO AM I UP AGAINST?
OKAY, SO COURTESY OF AUTOPEDIA...
"MISFIRE OF PRETENDIA IS A DEBONAIR SHARPSHOOTER WHO ONCE FIRED A BULLET THROUGH A BULLET-SHAPED HOLE IN A SLIGHTLY LARGER BULLET, WHILST BEING A BULLET TRAIN.
"FEARED AND RESPECTED BY HIS COLLEAGUES, HE IS CREDITED FOR INTRODUCING MEGATRON TO THE WORLD OF INTERPRETIVE DANCE."
PRETENDIA... I THINK THAT'S IN IACON.
"CRANKCASE OF SCOWLER IS A HALF-HEADED FIGHTER PILOT FAMOUS FOR COINING THE PHRASE 'HOLD YOUR HORSES.'
"HE ONCE SINGLEHANDEDLY SHOT DOWN A FLEET OF AUTOBOT STARFIGHTERS. HE COULD'VE USED BOTH HANDS BUT HE WANTED TO KEEP ONE IN RESERVE.
"VICE ADMIRAL SPINISTER WAS CREATED AS A PRACTICAL JOKE BY A TEAM OF SCIENTISTS IN RESPONSE TO A SHORTAGE OF—"
GONNA HAVE TO STOP YOU THERE, RED...
WE'VE ARRIVED.
I'M PUTTING YOU ON VISOR.
THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG.
REALLY? FOR SOMETHING THAT SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG, YOU'RE CARRYING AN AWFUL LOT OF FIREPOWER.
THE TWO ARE CONNECTED.


ANIMALS
ONE SUMMARY EXECUTION LATER...
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM!
HE HAD A GUN.
BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM.
HE HAD A GUN.
TSK! I GIVE UP!
DEMUS WAS FILTH, EVEN BY YOUR STANDARDS.
DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DID.
HEY, EASY ON THE DOUBLE NEGATIVES!
SOME OF US STRUGGLE.
SHUT UP, YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.
HA! BAD LUCK, GUYS.
ALL OF YOU.
ALL OF US? WHY?
FOR TRAFFICKING CYBERTRONIAN TECHNOLOGY.
OH, GET OVER IT. HATE TO DO YOU OUT OF A JOB, BUT OUR "HIGH TECH" AIN'T THAT HIGH ANYMORE. IT'S JUST... TECH.
ABOUT FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO WE STOPPED REACHING FOR THE STARS. SOS WE NEEDED BOTH HANDS TO BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF EACH OTHER.
WE'RE NOT EVEN NUMBER ONE WHEN IT COMES TO WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION!
TRUE. DID YOU KNOW THE GALACTIC COUNCIL HAVE BUILT A GEOBOMB— BRIGHT RED, SIZE OF AN EYEBALL—THAT CAN VAPORIZE PLANETS?
SIZE OF AN EYEBALL. PLANETS.
IT MAKES ME EMBARRASSED FOR KILLMASTER'S MOONGUN.
THE GEOBOMB IS BASED ON KILLMASTER'S DESIGNS.
THAT'S—
REALLY?
YOU'RE NOT JUST SAYING THAT TO PROVE A POINT?


SO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? I MEAN, YOU KILLED TEN THOUSAND OF US AT SIMANZI, SO WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO FIGHT YOU.
I ESCORT YOU TO MY SHIP, TAKE YOU BACK TO BASE, AND LOCK YOU UP.
WHAT, NOW? LIKE, RIGHT NOW?
THAT'S A SHAME. I WAS KINDA HOPING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO ESCAPE...
IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.
HM. WHAT IF I WAS TO DISTRACT YOU LONG ENOUGH FOR MY COLLEAGUE TO TURN HIS ROTOR BLADES INTO A BLUDGEON AND HIT YOU OVER THE HEAD?
?!
WOT.
CHOOM CHOOM
GOTTA LOVE THE CHOOM CHOOM.
IF YOU EVER SAY THAT AGAIN I'LL TURN THESE GUNS ON YOU.
SPLIT UP! HE CAN'T CHASE US ALL!
HHHRRR
WHICH WAY'S OUT?!
YOU NEVER PAY ATTENTION!
I DON'T KNOW, I WASN'T PAYING ATTENTION!
I PAY ATTENTION ALL THE TIME! YOU JUST NEVER NOTICE!

DECEPTICONS! I'M COMING FOR YOU!
ROBOIDS
KLIK
KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK
I THINK WE'VE LOST HIM.
ENOUGH WITH THE BLOODY CLICKING!
MAYBE IF I—
IF YOU SAY ANYTHING ABOUT CALLING IN YOUR OLD SQUAD I SWEAR I'M GONNA GO FULL THUNDERWING ON YOU.
BUT I'M TRYING TO—
YOU'RE NOT! YOU'RE REALLY NOT!
BECAUSE THEY'RE BEAD, KBOK! THEY'RE ALL BEAD!
GIVE—
—IT—
—HERE!
GUYS! KEEP IT DOWN!
YOUR FRIEND DEMUS—HE WASN'T A VERY NICE PERSON, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?
COME OUT AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.

THERE!
SEE?
SEE?
IT'S NOT A COMMUNICATOR. IT'S SOME POOR SOD'S INDEX FINGER AND I'M SICK OF PRETENDING OTHERWISE!
IT'S A FINGER AND A COMMUNICATOR—AND MORE BESIDES.
POOR RADAR TURNED INTO A PORTABLE TELECOMS SYSTEM.
"HE WAS A WONDERFUL FELLOW. BRIGHT AND WARM—AND DECENT. JUST—JUST A DECENT PERSON. LIKE EVERYONE ELSE IN MY SQUAD. HE WAS MURDERED BY THE WRECKERS.
"ROADBUSTER HAD SOME KIND OF—I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT IT WAS. SOME KIND OF SYK SYSMAT. HE WAS OBVIOUSLY USING.
"HE TORE OUT RADAR'S SPINE AND MADE HIM EAT IT. IT WAS A—IT WAS A HORRIBLE AFFAIR."
I TOOK WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM.
AND THIS PART OF HIM... THIS PART CAN DETECT SPARK SIGNATURES BEARING A DECEPTICON MARKER.
I CLICK WHEN I'M ANNOYED... BUT I ALSO CLICK WHEN WE'RE IN TROUBLE AND I NEED TO KNOW IF THERE ARE ANY DECEPTICONS NEARBY.
USUALLY, THERE AREN'T.
TODAY, AS USUAL, THERE—
CHOMP CHOMP
TODAY THERE ARE.
TODAY, THERE ARE HUNDREDS.

DEMUS WAS A SLAVE TRADER.
LOOK AROUND YOU—LOOK AT THE MERCHANDISE!
THE ROBOIDS" AREN'T MADE FROM SCRAP. THEY'RE MADE FROM US.
FROM AUTOBOTS AND DECEPTICONS THAT DEMUS MODIFIED AND TURNED INTO PRODUCT.

DEMUS WASN'T SELLING CYBERTRONIAN TECH—HE WAS SELLING CYBERTRONIANS...

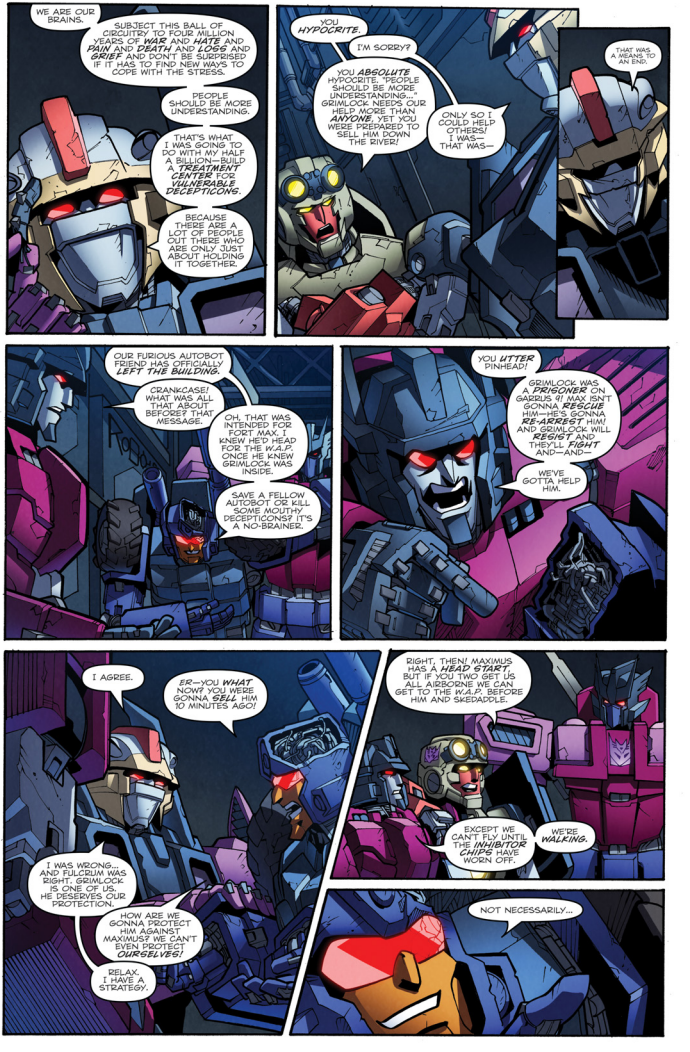
HE CALLED IT DOMESTICATION. AND IT'S IRREVERSIBLE.
CAREFULLY. METHODICALLY. INTERNALLY.
FIND A VULNERABLE CYBERTRONIAN—SOMEONE WITH A BEAST MODE—AND MUTILATE THEM.
DENT THEIR T-COG TO STOP 'EM CHANGING. REMOVE THEIR VOX BOX TO STOP 'EM SCREAMING.
AND THEN YOU RE-WIRE THEIR BRAINS—HACK AWAY 'TIL ALL THAT'S LEFT IS A VAGUE SMUDGE OF SELF-AWARENESS.
AND THEN YOU'RE GOOD TO GO! BOX 'EM UP AND SHIP 'EM OUT! ADVERTISE THEM AS TORTURE DOLLS—HALF DEAD, BUT ALIVE ENOUGH TO FEEL WHATEVER'S DONE TO THEM.

WE DIDN'T KNOW AMY OF THAT

RIGHT?
SWEAR TO GOD.

YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID?
YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID WHEN I CHALLENGED HIM, WHEN I TOLD HIM I WAS GONNA HUNT HIM DOWN?
"IT'S A SURVIVOR'S MARKET."
THAT WAS HIS DEFENSE.
"THE WAR'S OVER," HE SAID. "A LOT OF ORGANICS ARE PREPARED TO PAY A LOT OF MONEY TO TAKE THEIR FRUSTRATIONS OUT ON A CYBERTRONIAN WHO WON'T FIGHT BACK."

MISFIRE? I'M WORRIED FORTRESS MAXIMUS WILL FIND OUT ABOUT GRIMLOCK.
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
BZZT
MAX? I'M INTERCEPTING A TRANSMISSION.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS. THEY'RE WITH GRIMLOCK.
IMPOSSIBLE.
IT CHECKS OUT—I'VE FOUND HIS PRISONER STAMP, ON CODING.
IT'S HIM, MAX. 107 MILES DUE WEST. IT'S HIM. HE'S ON THEIR SHIP.
IN THAT CASE...
"...CHANGE OF PRIORITIES."
ENGINES—GETTING QUIETER. I THINK HE'S LEAVING.
HEH.
HOW ABOUT THAT?
HEY, KROK. WHAT YOU SAID JUST NOW—ABOUT RADAR, ABOUT YOUR SQUAD. YOU SHOULDVE TOLD ME EARLIER.
FOR A WHILE I COULDN'T TALK ABOUT IT AT ALL. IN FACT FOR A WHILE I CONVINCED MYSELF THAT THE REST OF MY SQUAD WERE STILL OUT THERE—THAT THEY WERE SAFE.
YEAH, CRANKCASE USED TO SAY YOU WERE NUTS.
SEE? AND PEOPLE WONDER WHY IT'S SO HARD TO TALK ABOUT MENTAL HEALTH.
HEY, I'M A PARAGON OF SENSITIVITY.
IT'S NOT JUST THE LABELING—IT'S THE DYSTANCING. IT'S THIS IDEA THAT EXPERIENCING MENTAL ILLNESS MARKS YOU OUT AS BAD DIFFERENT.
SHOW ME SOMEONE WHO HASN'T BEEN AFFECTED BY ALL THE FIGHTING. SHOW ME SOMEONE WHO'S "NORMAL" AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO HIDE THINGS.


WE ARE OUR BRAINS.
SUBJECT THIS BALL OF CIRCUITRY TO FOUR MILLION YEARS OF WAR AND HATE AND PAIN AND DEATH AND LOSS AND GRIEF AND DON'T BE SURPRISED IF IT HAS TO FIND NEW WAYS TO COPE WITH THE STRESS.
PEOPLE SHOULD BE MORE UNDERSTANDING.
THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO WITH MY HALF A BILLION—BUILD A TREATMENT CENTER FOR VULNERABLE DECEPTICONS.
BECAUSE THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE OUT THERE WHO ARE ONLY JUST ABOUT HOLDING IT TOGETHER.
YOU HYPOCRITE.
I'M SORRY?
YOU ABSOLUTE HYPOCRITE. PEOPLE SHOULD BE MORE UNDERSTANDING... GRIMLOCK NEEDS OUR HELP MORE THAN ANYONE. YET YOU WERE PREPARED TO SELL HIM DOWN THE RIVER!
ONLY SO I COULD HELP OTHERS! I WAS— THAT WAS—
THAT WAS A MEANS TO AN END.
OUR FURIOUS AUTOBOT FRIEND HAS OFFICIALLY LEFT THE BUILDING.
CRANKCASE! WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT BEFORE? THAT MESSAGE.
OH, THAT WAS INTENDED FOR FORT MAX. I KNEW HE'D HEAD FOR THE W.A.R. ONCE HE KNEW GRIMLOCK WAS INSIDE.
SAVE A FELLOW AUTOBOT OR KILL SOME MOUTHY DECEPTICONS? IT'S A NO-BRAINER.
YOU UTTER PINHEAD!
GRIMLOCK WAS A PRISONER ON GARRUS 9! MAX ISN'T GONNA RESCUE HIM—HE'S GONNA RE-ARREST HIM! AND GRIMLOCK WILL RESIST AND THEY'LL FIGHT AND—AND—
WE'VE GOTTA HELP HIM.
I AGREE.
ER—YOU WHAT. NOW? YOU WERE GONNA SELL HIM 10 MINUTES AGO!
I WAS WRONG... AND FULCRUM WAS RIGHT. GRIMLOCK IS ONE OF US. HE DESERVES OUR PROTECTION.
HOW ARE WE GONNA PROTECT HIM AGAINST MAXIMUS? WE CAN'T EVEN PROTECT OURSELVES!
RELAX. I HAVE A STRATEGY.
RIGHT, THEN! MAXIMUS HAS A HEAD START. BUT IF YOU TWO GET US ALL AIRBORNE WE CAN GET TO THE W.A.R. BEFORE HIM AND SKEDADDLE.
EXCEPT WE CAN'T FLY UNTIL THE INHIBITOR CHIPS HAVE WORN OFF!
WE'RE WALKING.
NOT NECESSARILY...

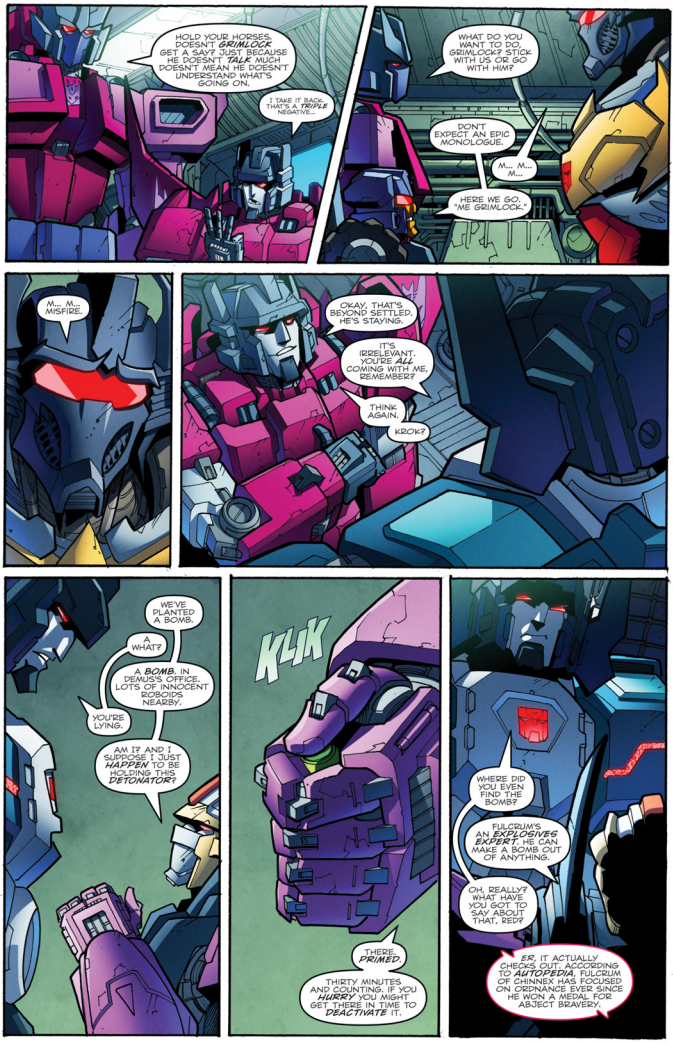
THE WEAK ANTHROPIC PRINCIPLE.
GRIMLOCK! THIS IS YOUR WARDEN SPEAKING. IT'S TIME YOU WENT BACK IN YOUR CELL.
COURSE IT WON'T BE ON GARRUS 9.
THANKS TO OVERLORD, GARRUS 9 DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE. OR MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW HOW THAT ALL PANNED OUT.
AFTER OVERLORD ATTACKED AND BEFORE THE WRECKERS TOOK AN INTEREST, YOU LEFT.
YOU RAN, GRIMLOCK. YOU RAN AWAY, AND I'D REALLY LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT.
GRUMMP
RORARGH!
THERE YOU ARE.
I KNEW YOU'D BE EXCITABLE— SO IF THIS IS SUPPOSED TO FAZE ME, IT DOESN'T.

KONK
KEEP HIM AWAY FROM YOUR FACE, MAX. I NEARLY LOST YOU.
YOU OKAY?
NEVER—
SKATCH
—BETTER!
TAKE IT EASY, MAX. INCAPACITATE IF YOU HAVE TO, BUT DON'T KILL HIM.
HE WOULDN'T EXTEND THE SAME COURTESY TO ME. HE'S A DECEPTICON...
AND YOU'RE— AH!—A 'CON NOW!
OR SHOULD I SAY, YOU'RE A 'CON AGAIN.

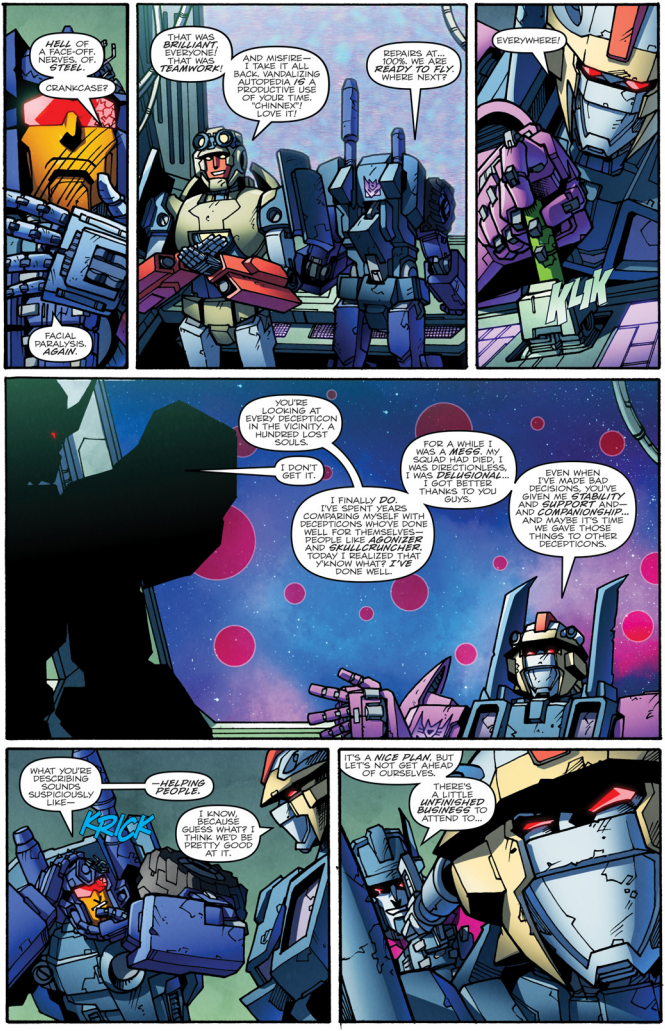
"...AND ALL THEY CARE ABOUT IS THEMSELVES!"

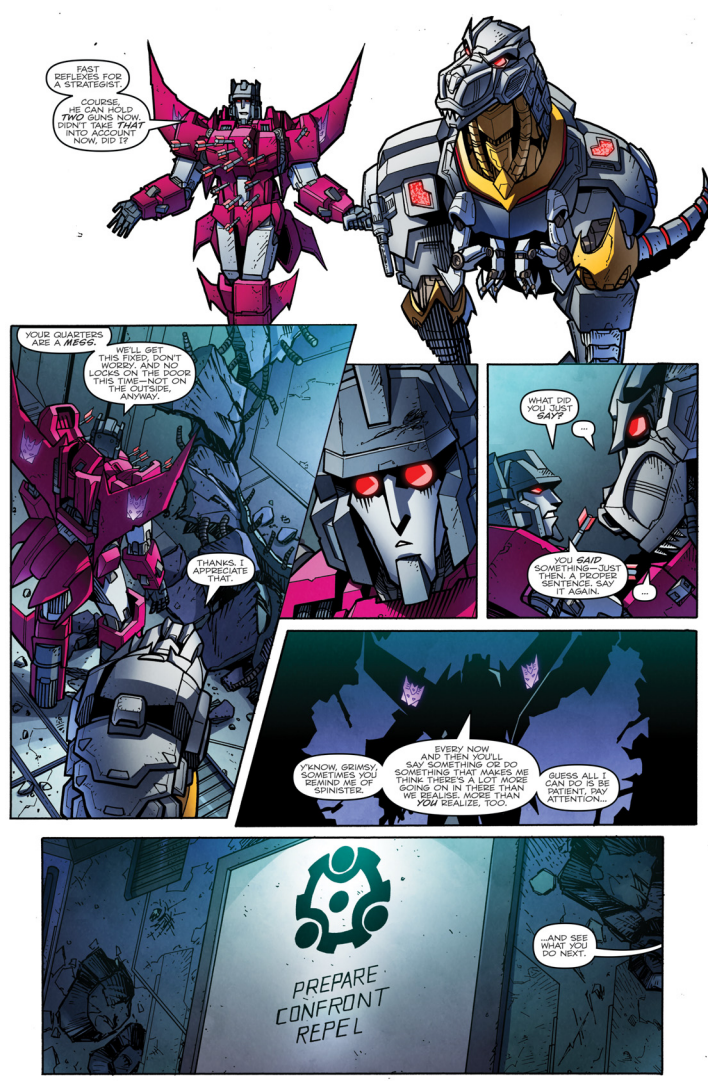
I DON'T FEEL COMFORTABLE DOING THIS.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT.
THAT'S 'COS YOU'RE DOING IT *WRONG*. YOU'VE GOT TO STRADDLE THEM LIKE *THIS*.
OVER THERE— GUNSHOTS!
OKAY, HERE GOES NOTHING...
WHAT THE—?!

LET'S TALK.
WHY, BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU'VE EVENED THE ODDS?
I WALKED AWAY FROM SIMANZI SMILING. I THINK I CAN HANDLE SIX 'CONS AND A HERD OF EQUINOIDS.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK IS GOING ON HERE, BUT GRIMLOCK ISN'T OUR PRISONER. NEITHER IS HE OUR ALLY.
WE FOUND HIM—AND NOT ON GARRUS 4.
HE'S NOT WELL. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO HELP HIM GET BETTER.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
IS THIS TRUE, REID?
YOU KNOW MY MOTTO: ASSUME YOU'RE BEING LIED TO.
GRIMLOCK?
...
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME FOR HIS CONDITION?
TORTURING PRISONERS UNTIL THEY TURN INWARDS IS A VERY DECEPTICON THING TO DO.
JEEZ, GENERALIZE MUCH?
TYPICAL AUTOBOT.
I SUGGEST YOU BRING HIM BACK HERE AND GET HIM CHECKED OUT BY A PROFESSIONAL.
LET CEREBROS TAKE A LOOK AT HIM.
HE'S COMING WITH ME. I'LL MAKE SURE HE GETS THE HELP HE NEEDS. I PROMISE.
BUT—
IF YOU GIVE A DAMN—NOT THAT I THINK YOU DO—YOU'LL WANT WHAT'S BEST FOR HIM.
OKAY.


HOLD YOUR HORSES. DOESN'T GRIMLOCK GET A SAY? JUST BECAUSE HE DOESN'T TALK MUCH DOESN'T MEAN HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON.
I TAKE IT BACK. THAT'S A TRIPLE NEGATIVE...
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, GRIMLOCK? STICK WITH US OR GO WITH HIM?
DON'T EXPECT AN EPIC MONOLOGUE.
M... M... M...
HERE WE GO. "ME GRIMLOCK."
M... M... MISFIRE!
OKAY, THAT'S BEYOND SETTLED. HE'S STAYING.
IT'S IRRELEVANT. YOU'RE ALL COMING WITH ME, REMEMBER?
THINK AGAIN.
KROK?
WE'VE PLANTED A BOMB.
A WHAT?
A BOMB. IN DEMUS'S OFFICE. LOTS OF INNOCENT ROBOIDS NEARBY.
YOU'RE LYING.
AM I? AND I SUPPOSE I JUST HAPPEN TO BE HOLDING THIS DETONATOR?
KLIK
THERE. PRIMED.
THIRTY MINUTES AND COUNTING. IF YOU HURRY YOU MIGHT GET THERE IN TIME TO DEACTIVATE IT.
WHERE DID YOU EVEN FIND THE BOMB?
FULCRUM'S AN EXPLOSIVES EXPERT. HE CAN MAKE A BOMB OUT OF ANYTHING.
OH, REALLY? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT THAT, RED?
ER, IT ACTUALLY CHECKS OUT. ACCORDING TO AUTOPEDIA, FULCRUM OF CHINNEX HAS FOCUSED ON ORDNANCE EVER SINCE HE WON A MEDAL FOR ABJECT BRAVERY.

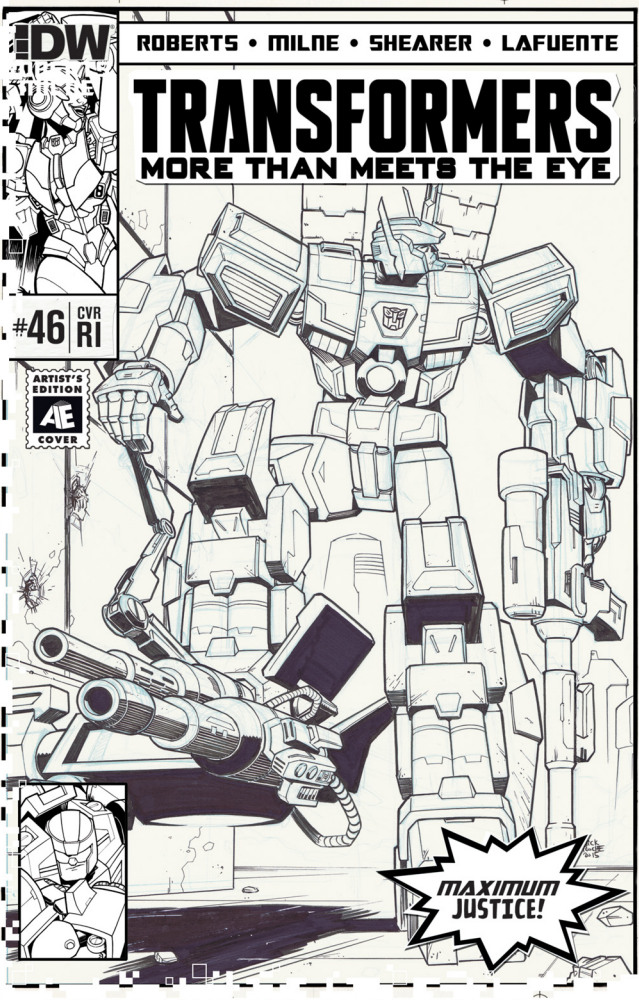
GIVE THAT TO—
OH, NO, YOU DON'T!
YOURS, CRANKCASE!
ONE MORE STEP AND I'LL DETONATE IT NOW.
ONE MORE CLICK AND BANG, RIGHT, KROK?
HALF THE ROBOIDS ARE DECEPTICONS. YOU'D BE BLOWING UP YOUR OWN.
SO? IT'S EACH 'CON FOR THEMSELVES. SURELY YOU KNOW THAT BY NOW.
I KNOW THAT YOU'RE BLUFFING.
I WON'T FORGET THIS. I WILL FIND YOU. I WILL—
—HUNT US DOWN. YEAH, YEAH, WHATEVS. T.T.F.N.
"THAT WAS A HELL OF A FACE-OFF, CRANKCASE."


HELL OF A FACE-OFF. NERVES. OF. STEEL.
CRANKCASE?
FACIAL PARALYSIS. AGAIN.
THAT WAS BRILLIANT, EVERYONE! THAT WAS TEAMWORK!
AND MISFIRE— I TAKE IT ALL BACK. VANDALIZING AUTOPEDIA AS A PRODUCTIVE USE OF YOUR TIME. "CHINNEXT" LOVE IT!
REPAIRS AT... 100%. WE ARE READY TO FLY. WHERE NEXT?
EVERYWHERE!
KLIK
YOU'RE LOOKING AT EVERY DECEPTICON IN THE VICINITY. A HUNDRED LOST SOULS.
I DON'T GET IT.
I FINALLY DO. I'VE SPENT YEARS COMPARING MYSELF WITH DECEPTICONS WHO'VE DONE WELL FOR THEMSELVES. PEOPLE LIKE AGONIZER AND SKULLCRUNCHER. TODAY I REALIZED THAT Y'KNOW WHAT? I'VE DONE WELL.
FOR A WHILE I WAS A MESS. MY SQUAD HAD DIED, I WAS DIRECTIONLESS, I WAS DELUSIONAL... I GOT BETTER THANKS TO YOU GUYS.
EVEN WHEN I'VE MADE BAD DECISIONS, YOU'VE GIVEN ME STABILITY AND SUPPORT AND— AND COMPANIONSHIP... AND MAYBE IT'S TIME WE GAVE THOSE THINGS TO OTHER DECEPTICONS.
WHAT YOU'RE DESCRIBING SOUNDS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE—
—HELPING PEOPLE.
KRICK
I KNOW, RIGHT? GUESS WHAT? I THINK WE'D BE PRETTY GOOD AT IT.
IT'S A NICE PLAN, BUT LET'S NOT GET AHEAD OF OURSELVES.
THERE'S STILL UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO...


FAST REFLEXES FOR A STRATEGIST.
COURSE. HE CAN HOLD *TWO* GUNS NOW. DIDN'T TAKE *THAT* INTO ACCOUNT NOW, DID I?
YOUR QUARTERS ARE A *MESS*.
WE'LL GET THIS FIXED, DON'T WORRY, AND NO LOCKS ON THE DOOR THIS TIME—NOT ON THE OUTSIDE. ANYWAY.
THANKS. I APPRECIATE THAT.
WHAT DID YOU JUST *SAY*?
...
YOU *SAID* SOMETHING—JUST THEN. A PROPER SENTENCE. SAY IT AGAIN.
...
Y'KNOW, GRIMSY, SOMETIMES YOU REMIND ME OF SPINISTER.
EVERY NOW AND THEN YOU'LL SAY SOMETHING OR DO SOMETHING THAT MAKES ME THINK THERE'S A LOT MORE GOING ON IN THERE THAN WE REALISE. MORE THAN *YOU* REALIZE, TOO.
GUESS ALL I CAN DO IS BE PATIENT, PAY ATTENTION...
PREPARE
CONFRONT
REPEL
AND SEE WHAT YOU DO NEXT.

LATER...
I DON'T KNOW, RUNG... THEY WEREN'T LIKE ANY DECEPTICONS I'VE ENCOUNTERED BEFORE.
HOW MANY DECEPTICONS HAVE YOU ENCOUNTERED SINCE THE WAR ENDED?
WHY?
WELL, I'D VENTURE THAT THESE DAYS, THE SCAVENGERS ARE THE RULE, NOT THE EXCEPTION.
IF THAT'S TRUE, I MAY HAVE TO RETHINK MY APPROACH.
I THINK THAT MIGHT BE WISE.
AND THE BOMB IN THE SLAVE TRADER'S OFFICE?
THERE WAS NO BOMB, I WAS DUPED.
I THOUGHT I'D BE ANGRY—BUT IN THE END, I COULDN'T HELP SMILING.
"ONE OF THEM EVEN LEFT ME A NOTE."
you were wrong! I've had a quick look And I realize the domestication process is ReverSible,you can turn their brains Back tOnormal.. Instructions overleaf,
SPIVISTER.xx
"AND THE ROBOIDS?"
DON'T WORRY, MY FRIEND. ALL TAKEN CARE OF

THE SCRAPYARD. TWO HOURS TOO LATE.
HATE TO SAY IT, BUT DEMUS HAD A POINT.
IF WE'RE GOING TO PROTECT OUR AFFILIATES WE SHOULD BE MOBILIZING A DAMN SIGHT QUICKER THAN THIS.
WE SHOULD DITCH THE WORLDSWEEPERS FOR A START. THERE ARE FASTER WAYS TO GET AROUND THAN BY GIANT SYMBOL. AND BESIDES— HAVEN'T WE ALL MOVED ON?
I AGREE. WE NEED TO IMPROVE OUR RESPONSE TIME...
...IF ONLY TO PROTECT THE STOCK.
LUCKY FOR US, EVERYTHING LOOKS IN ORDER. WE CAN MOVE IT TO... WHEE'S THE NEAREST FACILITY? FORTUNA?
NO ONE'S MOVING ANYTHING. MOVING RISKS CONTAMINATION, AND THAT RISKS UPSETTING THE PROCESS, AND IF THAT HAPPENS AND WE MISS THE DEADLINE...
PUT IT THIS WAY. IF WE'RE STILL ALIVE, YOU CAN BE THE ONE TO EXPLAIN OUR FAILURE TO THE GRAND ARCHITECT. NOT ME.
SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE ABORT.
WE ABORT AND START AGAIN.



□ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #46 COVER RI

by **NICK ROCHE**

☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #47 COVER A

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

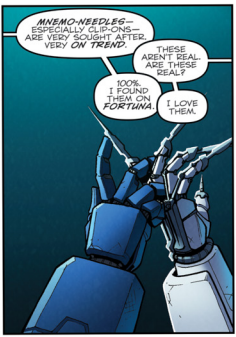
"I WAS BORN IN MID-AIR.
"OKAY, SO BEFORE I WAS BORN I EXISTED—BUT ONLY AS A SPARK.
"AN ICE-COLD SPARK, CERULEAN BLUE, ETCHED INTO THE GROOVES OF A PHOTONIC CRYSTAL AND LOCKED IN A BOX. I WAS OBLIVIOUS, OF COURSE.
"BUT THERE WAS A WAR TO WIN, AND CORCAPOIA HAD BECOME A LODGEMENT, AND HIGH COMMAND WAS DESPERATE FOR TROOPS...
"...AND SO THEY DRILLED ME INTO THIS BODY AND CIRCLED THE BATTLEFIELD WHILE THEY WAITED FOR ME TO DEFROST.
"AND AS SOON AS MY SPARK AND MY BRAIN WERE ON SPEAKING TERMS—AS SOON AS ONE WAS ABLE TO MAKE SENSE OF THE OTHER...
"...THEY THREW ME OVERBOARD."
I COULDN'T EVEN SEE. NOT AT FIRST. I COULDN'T EVEN—
MY EYES HADN'T WARMED UP.
AS I FELL, EVERYTHING I NEEDED TO KNOW—EVERYTHING THEY'D DECIDED I NEEDED TO KNOW—TOOK SHAPE IN MY MIND.
WHO I WAS. WHERE I WAS. WHO I WAS FIGHTING... AND THE FACT THAT I WAS ACCELERATING AT A RATE OF 10.2 METERS PER SECOND PER SECOND.
"I LANDED HARD.
"MY BRAIN TOLD ME TO FIGHT. YOU'VE BEEN BORN. NOW KILL. EXCEPT...
"EXCEPT MY BRAIN CLEARLY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IT WAS TALKING ABOUT. I HAD TO RUN. NOT FIGHT. I HAD TO ESCAPE. AND I DID..."

THE LOST LIGHT.
"Visages"
...I GOT AWAY.
THE FIRST THING I EVER DID— MY FIRST CONSCIOUS ACT—AND IT WAS COWARDLY.
ANYWAY. CHEERS. WHERE WERE WE?
UM. YOU WERE TEACHING ME HOW TO SPEAK HAND.
CHIROLINGUISTICS, YES. YES, OF COURSE. SORRY, SCOUT. YOU HAVE THIS VERY SWEET, VERY... DISARMING ABILITY TO MAKE PEOPLE OPEN UP.
OI! TICKLES!
THAT'S NOT A TICKLE. THAT'S A TERM OF ENDEARMENT.
I DEMAND A TRANSLATION.
I BET YOU DO.
...
YOU KNOW, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT CORCAPSIA. I MEAN I'M GLAD YOU DID. I MEAN, I'M GLAD YOU FELT YOU COULD. I MEAN—
HEY. I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
YOU REMIND ME OF CYCLONUS.

HABITATION SUITE 14.
SWERVE'S
HEY, SMILER. DRINK?
NO, THANK YOU. I'VE JUST RECHARGED.
YOU AFTER TAILGATE?
WHY, HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?
I MAY'VE SEEN HIS HOVERBOARD OUTSIDE GETAWAY'S HAB SUITE...
S'ON ME. I OWE YOU FOR SWEARTH.
I HAVEN'T DRUNK THIS IN YEARS.
IT'S GOOD FOR DROWNING SORROWS.
AND FOR STEELING ONE'S NERVES.

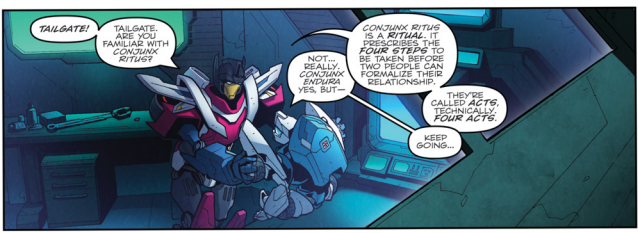
YOU LIKE THEM. YOU *DON'T* LIKE THEM.
I DO, I DO! A *SURPRISING* PRESENT, BUT—
YOU SAID HOW MUCH YOU LIKED *CHROMEDOME'S*? HOW MUCH YOU LIKED THE DESIGN?
DID I? MY MEMORY'S GETTING WORSE.

THE LOPSIDED TRIANGLE


MNEMO-NEEDLES—ESPECIALLY CLIP-ONS—ARE VERY SOUGHT AFTER, VERY *ON TREND*.
THESE AREN'T REAL. ARE THESE REAL?
100%. I FOUND THEM ON *FORTUNA*.
I LOVE THEM.

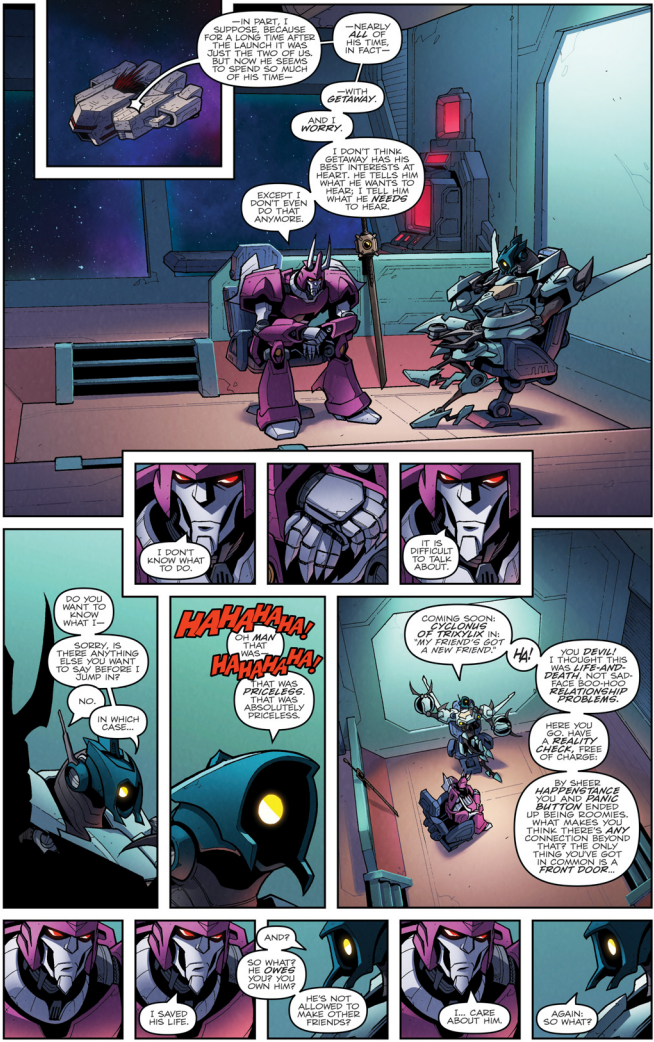
TAILGATE, I... I'VE GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE. I'VE NOT BEEN ENTIRELY *UP FRONT* WITH YOU. I DON'T KNOW HOW FAMILIAR YOU ARE OF—I MEAN *WITH*—I MEAN—

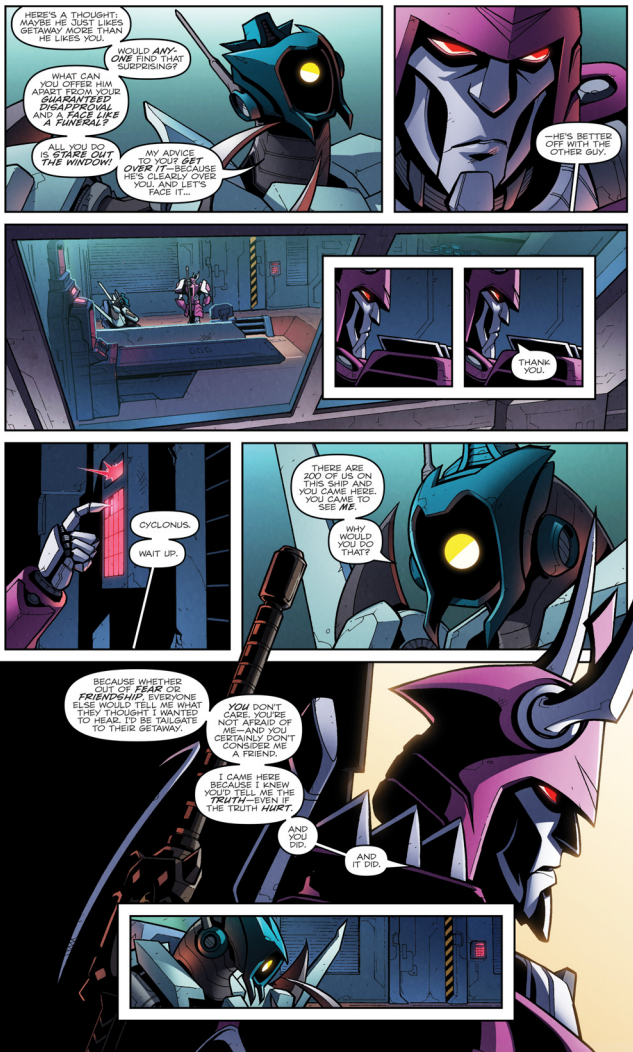
SORRY. I'VE REHEARSED THIS *SO MANY TIMES*—YOU'D THINK I'D HAVE IT DOWN TO A FINE ART BY NOW.
DON'T. I'M LIKE THAT WITH THE *AUTOBOT CODE*.
LIKE, WHEN MAGNUS TELLS ME OFF HE'S ALL, "*SECTION 9, SUB-SECTION 12!*" AND HE EXPECTS ME TO *RECITE* IT, AND I GET *MY CLEAVER* ALL MIXED UP AND HE LOOKS AT ME LIKE I'VE JUST MESSED UP HIS *SECRET DRAWER*, AND—

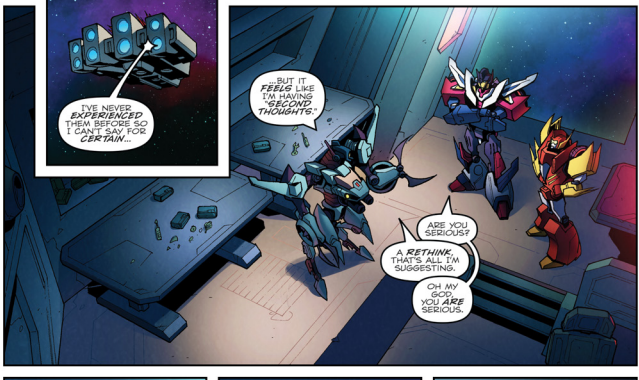

TAILGATE!
TAILGATE, ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH *CONJUNX RITUS*?
NOT... REALLY. *CONJUNX ENDURA*, YES, BUT—
CONJUNX RITUS IS A *RITUAL*. IT PRESCRIBES THE *FOUR STEPS* TO BE TAKEN BEFORE TWO PEOPLE CAN FORMALIZE THEIR RELATIONSHIP.
THEY'RE CALLED *ACTS*. TECHNICALLY, *FOUR ACTS*.
KEEP GOING...

OKAY. SO FIRST YOU HAVE TO GO SOMEWHERE FAMILIAR—A PLACE WHICH HOLDS SHARED MEMORIES. SOMEWHERE YOU FEEL SAFE.
LIKE THE LOST LIGHTS?
YES. OR—OR "VISAGES."
THE RITUAL BEGINS WITH THE ACT OF INTIMACY
"—WHICH IS USUALLY SYMBOLIZED BY SUSTAINED PHYSICAL CONTACT.
"NEXT IS THE ACT OF DISCLOSURE. THE PERSON INITIATING THE RITUAL REVEALS SOMETHING INTENSELY PERSONAL—SOMETHING WHICH PUTS THEM IN A LESS THAN FLATTERING LIGHT."
EXCEPT MY BRAIN CLEARLY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IT WAS TALKING ABOUT.
"IT'S A DECLARATION OF WEAKNESS, AND THEREFORE TRUST."
ACT THREE THE ACT OF PROFFERENCE.
OF WHAT?
GIFT GIVING.
OH.
AND THE FOURTH...?
...IS WHERE THE RESPONDENT COMES IN.
THE FOURTH IS THE MOST IMPORTANT. WITHOUT THE FOURTH, I'VE JUST DESCRIBED A MEMORABLE EVENING OUT.
ACT FOUR IS THE ACT OF DEVOTION.
IF THE RESPONDENT IS WILLING—IF THEY WANT TO BECOME A CONJUNX ENDURA—THEY HAVE TO PROVE IT.
THEY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING SPECTACULAR TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR, UM... THEIR—
THEIR LOVE.
YES.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

NOK NOK
FRIEND OR FOE?
YOU TELL ME.
KLICK
YOU?
"SORRY ABOUT THE MESS."
WHAT MESS?
NO, BUT THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE SAY IN THESE SITUATIONS, ISN'T IT. "COME IN, COME IN, SORRY ABOUT THE MESS."
"HOW WAS YOUR TRIP?"
"WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AT THIS HOUR?"
I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER ENTERTAINED BEFORE. HOW AM I DOING SO FAR?
DID YOU MAKE THESE? WHY SO MANY?
BECAUSE I KEEP MAKING MISTAKES.
THEY ALL LOOK THE SAME TO ME.
14:18
23:55
WHAT DO YOU WANT, ANYWAY?
YOU'RE ANNOYING ME.
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT TAILGATE.


—IN PART, I SUPPOSE, BECAUSE FOR A LONG TIME AFTER THE LAUNCH IT WAS JUST THE TWO OF US. BUT NOW HE SEEMS TO SPEND SO MUCH OF HIS TIME—
—NEARLY ALL OF HIS TIME, IN FACT—
—WITH GETAWAY.
AND I WORRY.
I DON'T THINK GETAWAY HAS HIS BEST INTERESTS AT HEART. HE TELLS HIM WHAT HE WANTS TO HEAR; I TELL HIM WHAT HE NEEDS TO HEAR.
EXCEPT I DON'T EVEN DO THAT ANYMORE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
IT IS DIFFICULT TO TALK ABOUT.
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I—
SORRY, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT TO SAY BEFORE I JUMP IN?
NO.
IN WHICH CASE...
HAHAHAHA!
OH MAN THAT WAS—
HAHAHAHA!
THAT WAS PRICELESS. THAT WAS ABSOLUTELY PRICELESS.
COMING SOON: CYCLONUS OF TRIXYLIX IN: "MY FRIEND'S GOT A NEW FRIEND."
HA!
YOU DEVIL! I THOUGHT THIS WAS LIFE-AND-DEATH, NOT SAD-FACE BOO-HOO RELATIONSHIP PROBLEMS.
HERE YOU GO, HAVE A REALITY CHECK, FREE OF CHARGE!
BY SHEER HAPPENSTANCE YOU AND PANIC BUTTON ENDED UP BEING ROOMIES. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CONNECTION BEYOND THAT? THE ONLY THING YOU'VE GOT IN COMMON IS A FRONT DOOR...
I SAVED HIS LIFE.
AND?
SO WHAT? HE OWES YOUR YOU OWN HIM?
HE'S NOT ALLOWED TO MAKE OTHER FRIENDS?
I... CARE ABOUT HIM.
AGAIN: SO WHAT?


HERE'S A THOUGHT: MAYBE HE JUST LIKES GETAWAY MORE THAN HE LIKES YOU.
WOULD ANY ONE FIND THAT SURPRISING?
WHAT CAN YOU OFFER HIM APART FROM YOUR GUARANTEED DISAPPROVAL AND A FACE LIKE A FUNERAL?
ALL YOU DO IS STARE OUT THE WINDOW!
MY ADVICE TO YOU? GET OVER IT—BECAUSE HE'S CLEARLY OVER YOU. AND LET'S FACE IT...
—HE'S BETTER OFF WITH THE OTHER GUY.
THANK YOU.
CYCLONUS.
WAIT UP.
THERE ARE 200 OF US ON THIS SHIP AND YOU CAME HERE. YOU CAME TO SEE ME.
WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?
BECAUSE WHETHER OUT OF FEAR OR FRIENDSHIP, EVERYONE ELSE WOULD TELL ME WHAT THEY THOUGHT I WANTED TO HEAR. I'D BE TAILGATE TO THEIR GETAWAY.
YOU DON'T CARE. YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF ME—AND YOU CERTAINLY DON'T CONSIDER ME A FRIEND.
I CAME HERE BECAUSE I KNEW YOU'D TELL ME THE TRUTH—EVEN IF THE TRUTH HURT.
AND YOU DID.
AND IT DID.


I'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED THEM BEFORE SO I CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN...
...BUT IT FEELS LIKE I'M HAVING "SECOND THOUGHTS."
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
A RETHINK. THAT'S ALL I'M SUGGESTING.
OH MY GOD. YOU ARE SERIOUS.

I JUST DON'T THINK THAT WE—
—YOU, ACTUALLY. BECAUSE HEY, LET'S BE FRANK, IT WAS PRETTY MUCH YOUR IDEA IN THE FIRST PLACE—
I JUST DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD USE TAILGATE AS A WEAPON.

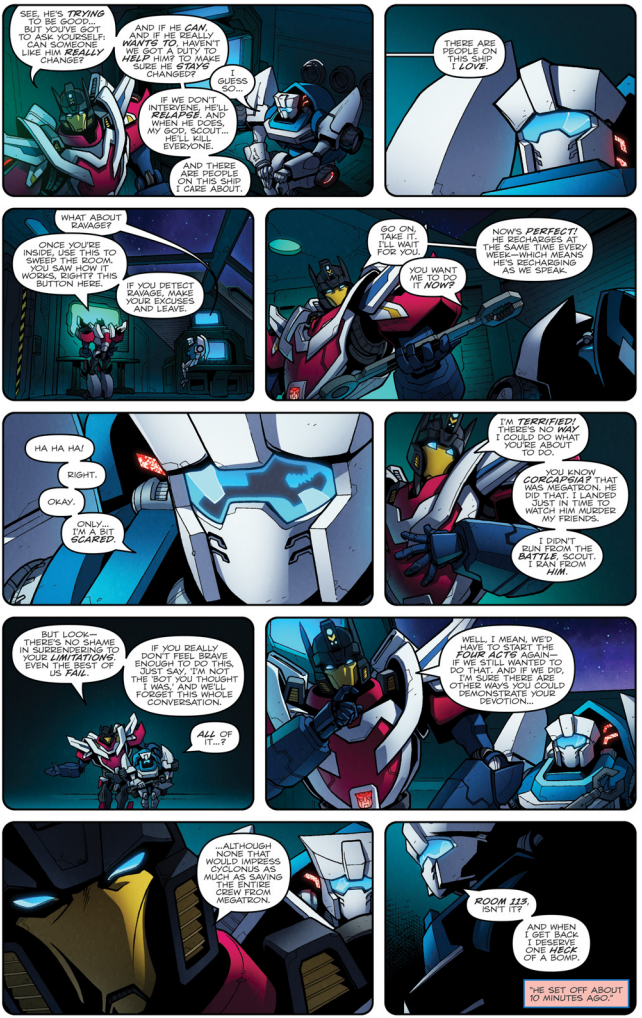
WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS SITUATION IF YOU KNEW HOW TO PICK A FIGHT.*
ER, SCREW YOU, ATOMIZER. IT WASN'T MY FAULT HE DIDN'T BITE.*
*SEE WHIRL VS. MEGATRON, ISSUE #28.

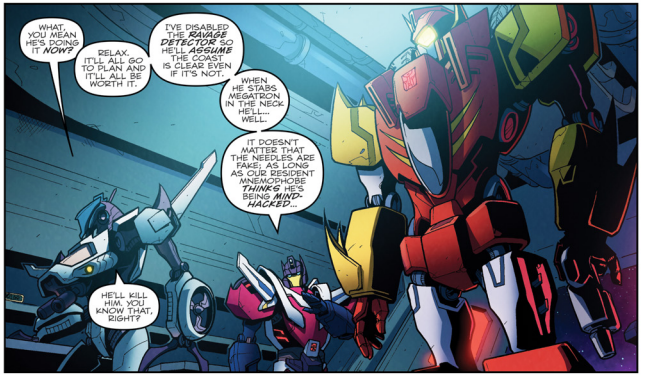
NO. THERE'S NO "RETHINK." NOT WHEN I'VE SPENT SO MUCH TIME GROOMING HIM. BESIDES...

—THE TRAP'S ALREADY SPRUNG.
YOU WANT ME TO SNEAK INTO MEGATRON'S ROOM AND BRAINWASH HIM?

IT'S CALLED SHADOWPLAY, AND IT'S SIMPLE. I'VE DISABLED THE LOCK ON HIS DOOR SO ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS WALK IN WHEN HE'S RECHARGING AND INJECT HIM.
AND THEN, WHAT? I'M NOT A MMEDICSURGEON LIKE CHROMEDOME, OR—OR SCALP. THEY'RE EXPERTS.
THE NEEDLES WILL DO ALL THE WORK. I'VE LACED THEM WITH A SPECIAL ANTI-VILLAIN VIRUS.
BUT I THOUGHT SHADOWPLAY WAS WRONG...

THIS IS DIFFERENT. ALL WE'D BE DOING— ALL THE VIRUS WOULD BE DOING— IS VERY CAREFULLY, VERY PAINLESSLY REMOVING MEGATRON'S EVIL THOUGHTS.
HIS EVIL THOUGHTS?
ALL THE THINGS THAT MAKE HIM BAD.


SEE, HE'S TRYING TO BE GOOD... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ASK YOURSELF: CAN SOMEONE LIKE HIM REALLY CHANGE?
AND IF HE CAN, AND IF HE REALLY WANTS TO, HAVEN'T WE GOT A DUTY TO HELP HIM? TO MAKE SURE HE STAYS CHANGED?
I GUESS SO...
IF WE DON'T INTERVENE, HE'LL RELAPSE. AND WHEN HE DOES, MY GOD, SCOUT... HE'LL KILL EVERYONE.
AND THERE ARE PEOPLE ON THIS SHIP I CARE ABOUT.
THERE ARE PEOPLE ON THIS SHIP I LOVE.
WHAT ABOUT RAVAGE?
ONCE YOU'RE INSIDE, USE THIS TO SWEEP THE ROOM. YOU SAW HOW IT WORKS, RIGHT? THIS BUTTON HERE.
IF YOU DETECT RAVAGE, MAKE YOUR EXCUSES, AND LEAVE.
GO ON. TAKE IT. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU.
NOW'S PERFECT! HE RECHARGES AT THE SAME TIME EVERY WEEK—WHICH MEANS HE'S RECHARGING AS WE SPEAK.
YOU WANT ME TO DO IT NOW?
HA HA HA!
RIGHT.
OKAY.
ONLY... I'M A BIT SCARED.
I'M TERRIFIED! THERE'S NO WAY I COULD DO WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO.
YOU KNOW GORGAPSIA? THAT WAS MEGATRON. HE DID THAT. I LANDED JUST IN TIME TO WATCH HIM MURDER MY FRIENDS.
I DIDN'T RUN FROM THE BATTLE, SCOUT. I RAN FROM HIM.
BUT LOOK— THERE'S NO SHAME IN SURRENDERING TO YOUR LIMITATIONS. EVEN THE BEST OF US FAIL.
IF YOU REALLY DON'T FEEL BRAVE ENOUGH TO DO THIS, JUST SAY. I'M NOT THE 'BOT YOU THOUGHT I WAS, AND WE'LL FORGET THIS WHOLE CONVERSATION.
ALL OF IT...?
WELL, I MEAN, WE'D HAVE TO START THE FOUR ACTS AGAIN— IF WE STILL WANTED TO DO THAT. AND IF WE DID, I'M SURE THERE ARE OTHER WAYS YOU COULD DEMONSTRATE YOUR DEVOTION...
...ALTHOUGH NONE THAT WOULD IMPRESS CYCLONUS AS MUCH AS SAVING THE ENTIRE CREW FROM MEGATRON.
ROOM 113, ISN'T IT?
AND WHEN I GET BACK I DESERVE ONE HECK OF A BOMP.
"HE SET OFF ABOUT 10 MINUTES AGO."


WHAT, YOU MEAN HE'S DOING IT NOW?
RELAX. IT'LL ALL GO TO PLAN AND IT'LL ALL BE WORTH IT.
I'VE DISABLED THE RAVAGE DETECTOR SO HE'LL ASSUME THE COAST IS CLEAR EVEN IF IT'S NOT.
WHEN HE STABS MEGATRON IN THE NECK HE'LL... WELL...
IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT THE NEEDLES ARE FAKE, AS LONG AS OUR RESIDENT MNEMOPHOBE THINKS HE'S BEING MIND-HACKED...
HE'LL KILL HIM. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?

"HE'LL WAKE UP AND BEAT HIM TO DEATH."
C'MON, TAILGATE
YOU CAN DO THIS YOU CAN DO THIS YOU CAN DO THIS
113 00

HEY, I DON'T LIKE SENDING HIM INTO THE DEVIL'S DEN—
—BUT THEN I DON'T LIKE A FILTHY FASCIST SCUMBAG MURDERER GETTING AN AUTOBOT BADGE AND A PAT ON THE BACK FROM HIGH COMMAND.
ONCE MEGATRON RETALIATES, ONE OF TWO THINGS WILL HAPPEN:
KLICK

EITHER SECURITY WILL CATCH HIM MID-DISMEMBERMENT AND SHOOT HIM DEAD (GOD KNOWS THEY'RE JUMPY ENOUGH), OR HE'LL GET SENT BACK TO CYBERTRON WHERE HE'LL BE IMPRISONED—MAYBE EVEN PUT TO DEATH—FOR MURDERING A POOR LITTLE MINIBOT.
JUSTICE WILL BELATEDLY BE DONE AND WE CAN ALL PRESS AHEAD.
YEAH, NO, I GET THE THEORY. IT'S THE EXECUTION THAT BOTHERS ME. TAILGATE'S EXECUTION.
KLICK

OKAY, WELL, IT'S GOOD THAT WE HAD THIS CHAT—AND I'M SORRY, NOW YOU'VE LOST YOUR NERVE I'VE BEEN WRECKING MY BRAIN FOR A REASON TO KEEP YOU AROUND...

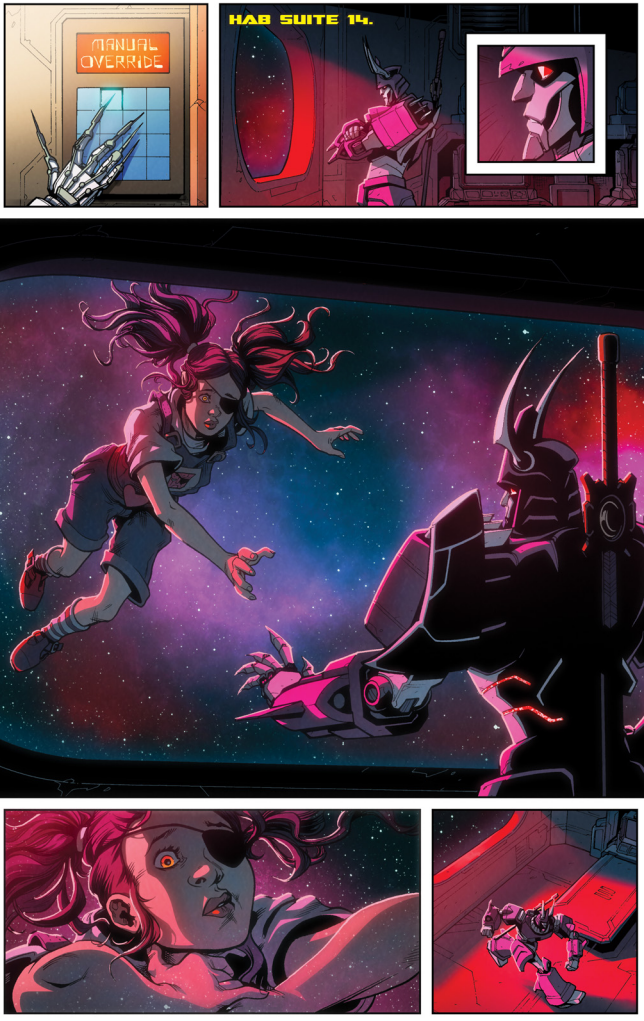
PHUTT
G,H!
...AND I'M AFRAID I'VE DRAWN A BLANK.

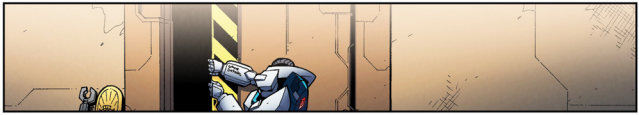
HY NUDGE GUN. REMEMBER? TOOK ME AGES TO FIND IT AGAIN.*
*AFTER IT WAS CONFISCATED BY TYREST; SEE REMAIN IN LIGHT (ISSUES #17 - #21).

HERE'S WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN: YOU'RE GONNA PASS OUT, AND WHEN YOU WAKE UP... YOU'LL HAVE FORGOTTEN YOU WERE EVER PART OF THIS LITTLE OPERATION.
SO, WHILE I APPLAUD YOUR EFFORTS TO ESCAPE, THEY'RE VERY MUCH IN VAIN.
NOT EVEN THE MIGHTY NUTJOB CAN OUTRUN A THOUGHT BULLET.
THAT'S WHAT TAILGATE CALLS YOU, BY THE WAY. WE LAUGH ABOUT IT.
HELLO...?
FORGET IT...

"...HIS MIND'S ELSEWHERE."
WHIRL?
URGH... WRONG PLACE... WRONG ANGLE...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF...
WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL THIS BLOODY SHIP TO STOP MOVING?
CAN'T... GET MY... BEARINGS...

THERE, THERE.
SLEEP WELL, LITTLE PSYCHOPATH.

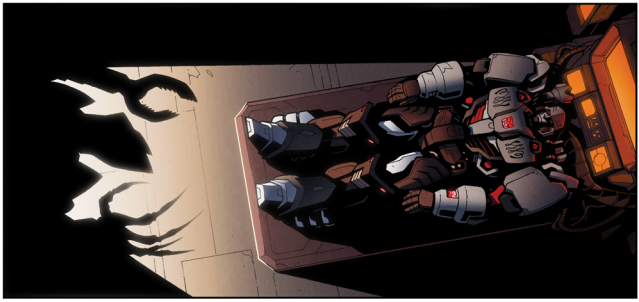

MANUAL OVERRIDE
HAB SUITE 14.



OH—HEY, CYCLONUS.
MAYBE CATCH YOU LATER.

WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?
YOU JUST APPEARED OUTSIDE MY—
EH?
SHHH!
LEAVE ME ALONE. I'VE GOT A HEADACHE. I'M NOT RECEIVING VISITORS TODAY.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I WAS ONLY IN HERE...

...A FEW... MINUTES... AGO.

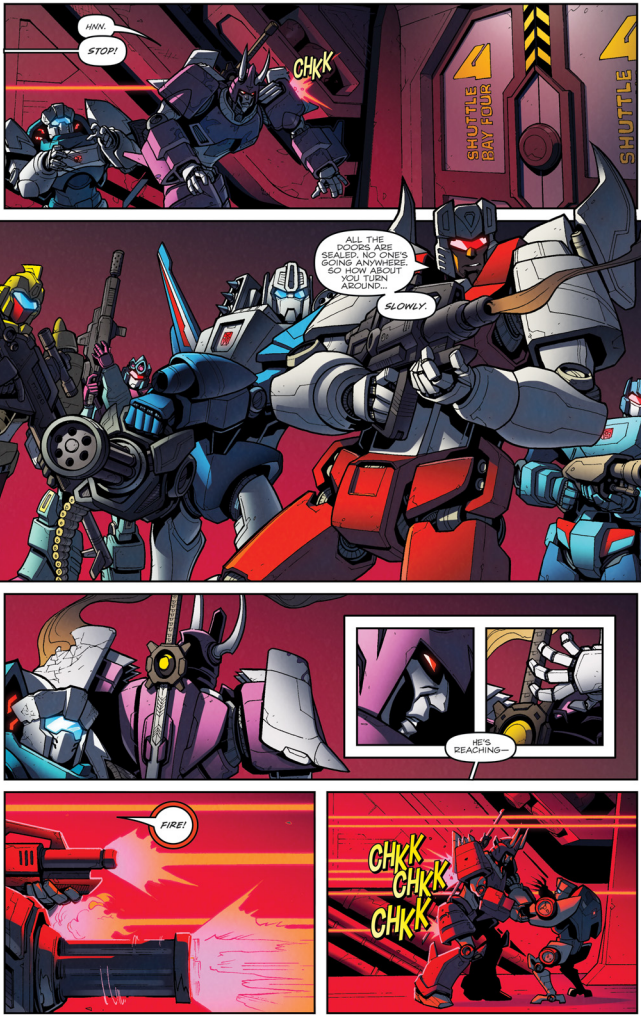


CLICK

MEGATRON!
HK!

HNN.
SSSSSUCK
THOK
UH.
RRRRIP
WRUNCH
QUICKLY.

ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
I'M NOT— I'M NOT SURE WHAT JUST—
WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THERE?!
IT'S GETAWAY, HE'S GOT—
THERE'S THIS ANTI-VILLAIN VIRUS AND I AGREED TO—
A WHAT VIRUS?
AN... ANTI-VILLAIN VIRUS? IT—
...
OH, GOD.
I THINK YOU'VE JUST BEEN SET UP.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
AWAY.
BUT WE LIKE IT HERE!
WE JUST ATTACKED MEGATRON. RIGHT NOW, ALL WE CARE ABOUT IS DISTANCE.
AWOOGA AWOOGA
DAMMIT.
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE FOUR ACTS?
FOR PITY'S SAKE, TAILGATE, THE ALARM'S JUST—
BUT HAVE YOU HEARD OF THEM?
WHY? WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME THIS NOW?
YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S OKAY...
SHUTTLE BAY FOUR
I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS SCARED... NEVER, NEVER EVER... PLEASE DON'T—PLEASE DON'T GO...
I MADE YOU A PRESENT. IT'S IN OUR HAB SUITE, UNDER THE WINDOW SILL...
...IT CAN WAIT.


HNN...
STOP!
CHKK
SHUTTLE BAY FOUR 4
SHUTTLE 4
ALL THE DOORS ARE SEALED. NO ONE'S GOING ANYWHERE. SO HOW ABOUT YOU TURN AROUND...
SLOWLY.
HE'S REACHING—
FIRE!
CHKK
CHKK
CHKK

GOODBYE, LITTLE ONE.
HOLD FIRE.
IS HE DEAD?

"We played with it's anal hook."
– Jules of Jim

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #47 COVER SUB

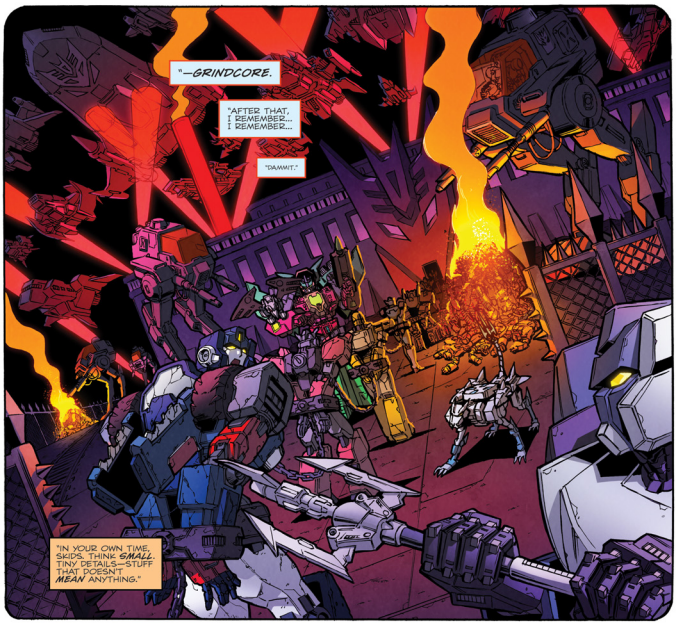
by **NICK ROCHE** Colors by **JOSH BURCHAM**

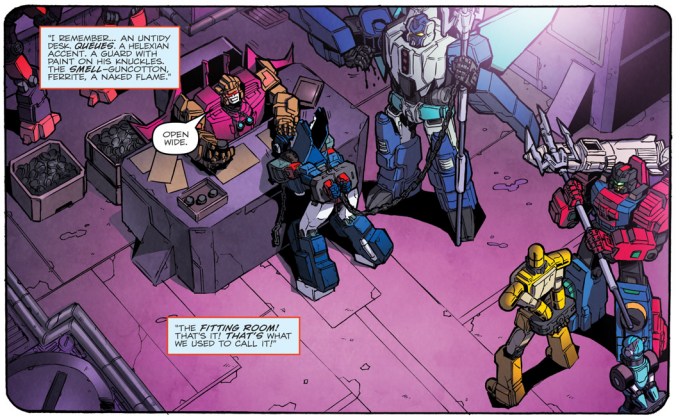
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #48 COVER A

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

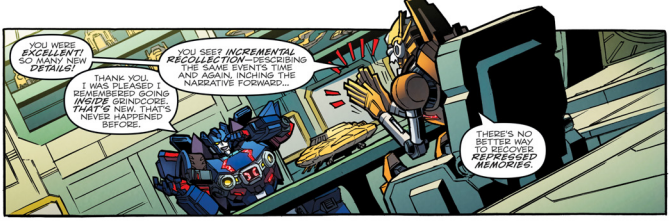
CYCLE 31797 31807. IT DEFINITELY WASN'T LONG AFTER *SHANZI* BECAUSE CYBERTRON HADN'T *COOLED DOWN* YET.
THE WORLD STILL BURNT YOUR FEET.
ANYWAY, I WAS WORKING AS A ***BOMB NEGOTIATOR***— AND I WAS ***NON-STOP.***
RUNG'S OFFICE.
THE WESTERN PROVINCES HAD ALL BEEN ***GEEDED*** WITH—
SORRY, SKIDS—***BOMB*** NEGOTIATOR?
WELL, ***YEAH.*** DEFUSING A ***LANDMINE*** WAS HARD ENOUGH AT THE BEST OF TIMES—BUT THE ***DECEPTICONS*** HAD FOUND A WAY TO MAKE IT ***HARDER.***
"...THEY WERE BUILDING MINES THAT ***BEGGED FOR MERCY.***"
STOP... PLEASE... DON'T HURT ME...
DON'T WORRY, IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE YOU SAFE.
THE 'CONS CALLED THEM ***ANTI-PERSONAL MINES,*** BECAUSE—WELL, HOW HAPPY WOULD ***YOU*** BE IF YOUR ***VITAL COMPONENTS*** WERE LOCKED INSIDE AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE?
TO DISARM THEM, YOU HAD TO SHUT DOWN THE BRAIN MODULE—A FATAL PROCEDURE.
IF THE "BOMB" ***PANICKED*** OR GOT ***UPSET*** IT'S GO OFF. THE TRICK WAS TO WORK OUT THE ***TRIGGERS*** AND ***AVOID THEM.***
IT'S ***SKIDS.*** ISN'T IT? YOU'RE F-FRIENDS WITH... OPTIMUS...
I WAS ***FRIENDS*** WITH ORION PAX. I ***SERVE*** UNDER OPTIMUS. WHAT'S ***YOUR*** NAME, BIG FELLA?
HEAVY TREAD...
LISTEN, HEAVY TREAD, I'M ABOUT TO ***EASE*** YOU OFFLINE. YOU WON'T FEEL A THING.
I DON'T... WANT TO DIE. I WANT YOU... TO ***SAVE ME...***
I CAN'T DO THAT—BUT WHAT I ***CAN*** DO IS I CAN ***TALK TO YOU,*** AND I CAN ***KEEP YOU COMPANY.***
AND AFTER THAT, ***PRIMUS*** WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU. I PROMISE.
"AND I THINK IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT HE SAW THE ***IMITATION MATRIX*** IN MY CHEST—THE SIGN OF THE FAITHFUL."
YOU BELIEVE IN A GOD THAT WOULD LET ***THIS*** TO HAPPEN TO ME?!
"I'D SAID THE WRONG THING. I REMEMBER ***RUNNING...***

"...AND THEN I REMEMBER *FLYING*.
BRAKKA BOOM
"AND THE I REMEMBER A *DECEPTICON HYGIENE TEAM* SCRAPING ME OFF THE GROUND.
"I COULD GUESS WHERE I WAS BEING TAKEN FROM THE LOOKS ON THE OTHER PRISONERS' FACES—

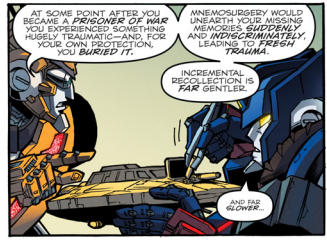

"—GRINDCORE.
"AFTER. THAT, I REMEMBER... I REMEMBER...
"DAMMIT."
"IN YOUR OWN TIME, SKIDS. THINK SMALL. TINY DETAILS—STUFF THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING."


"I REMEMBER... AN UNTIDY DESK. CABLES. A HELIXIAN ACCENT. A GUARD WITH PAINT ON HIS KNUCKLES. THE SMELL—GUNCOTTON, FERRITE, A NAKED FLAME."
OPEN WIDE.
"THE FITTING ROOM! THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT WE USED TO CALL IT!"

WHAT IS IT?
A MOUTH FLOWER.
A WHAT?
AN INHIBITOR SPIKE.
WE SCREW IT TO THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH, SYNC IT TO YOUR TRANSFORMATION COG, AND IF YOU TOUCH IT, OR TRY TO CHANGE SHAPE...
SEE? EXITS THE HEAD VIA THE BRAIN.
GET THROUGH A LOT OF THESE THINGS, DO YOU?
ROARING TRADE. CAN'T MAKE 'EM QUICK ENOUGH.
WHAT IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A MOUTH? WHAT DO YOU DO THEN, EH?
WE IMPROVISE.
AAAIIIEEEEE!
YOU CAN PUT THIS ONE IN THE CELL WITH [redacted].
WITH [redacted]? HE STILL HERE? I THOUGHT HE WAS BEING TRANSFERRED.
TELEPORTER ISN'T WORKING.
NO, PAMPERED LITTLE [redacted]-HEADS LIKE [redacted] ARE GONNA HAVE TO PUT UP WITH US FOR A WHILE LONGER. UNLESS HE FANCIES [redacted]...
"I'M SORRY, RUNG—I'M BLANKING. I CAN'T REMEMBER THE WORDS.
"TIME TO CALL IT A DAY, I THINK. HOW DID I DO?"

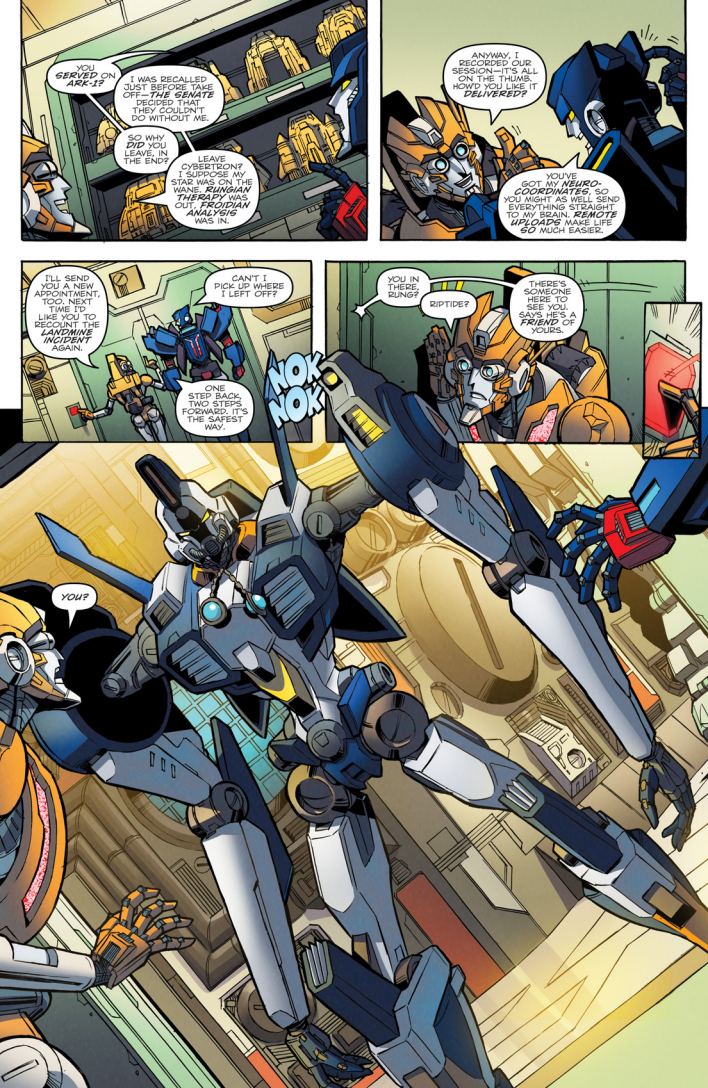

YOU WERE EXCELLENT! SO MANY NEW DETAILS!
THANK YOU. I WAS PLEASED TO REMEMBERED GOING INSIDE GRINDCORE. THAT'S NEW. THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE.
YOU SEE? INCREMENTAL RECOLLECTION—DESCRIBING THE SAME EVENTS TIME AND AGAIN, INCHING THE NARRATIVE FORWARD...
THERE'S NO BETTER WAY TO RECOVER REPRESSED MEMORIES.

APART FROM MNEMOSURGERY, YOU MEAN.
SKIDS...
I'M SORRY—BUT IF CHROMEDOME HADN'T REFUSED TO HELP ME, I'D HAVE SOLVED THIS MYSTERY A LONG TIME AGO.
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR PAST. BUT CHROMEDOME WAS RIGHT NOT TO OPERATE.
*ISSUE #8.

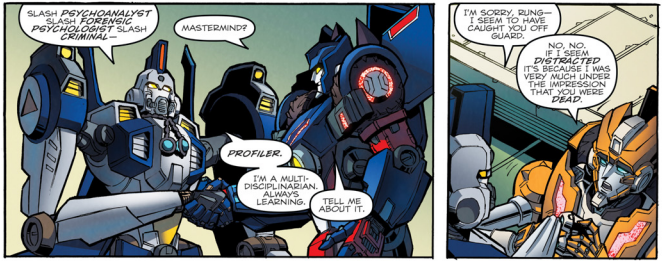

AT SOME POINT AFTER YOU BECAME A PRISONER OF WAR YOU EXPERIENCED SOMETHING HUGELY TRAUMATIC—AND, FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, YOU BURIED IT.
MNEMOSURGERY WOULD UNEARTH YOUR MISSING MEMORIES SUDDENLY AND INDISCRIMINATELY, LEADING TO FRESH TRAUMA.
INCREMENTAL RECOLLECTION IS FAR GENTLER.
AND FAR SLOWER...

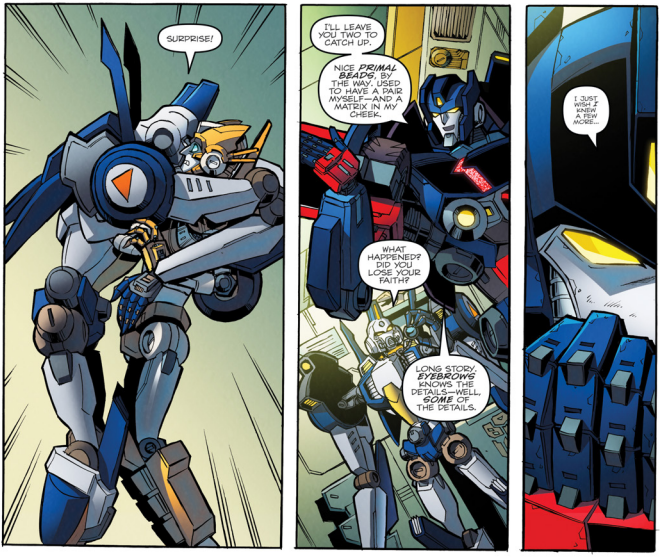
THERE WE GO! ARK-6! NOW WITH THE CORRECT PLATING ON THE REAR THRUSTERS!
WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU REBUILT THESE SHIPS?
I'VE LOST COUNT. THOUSANDS.

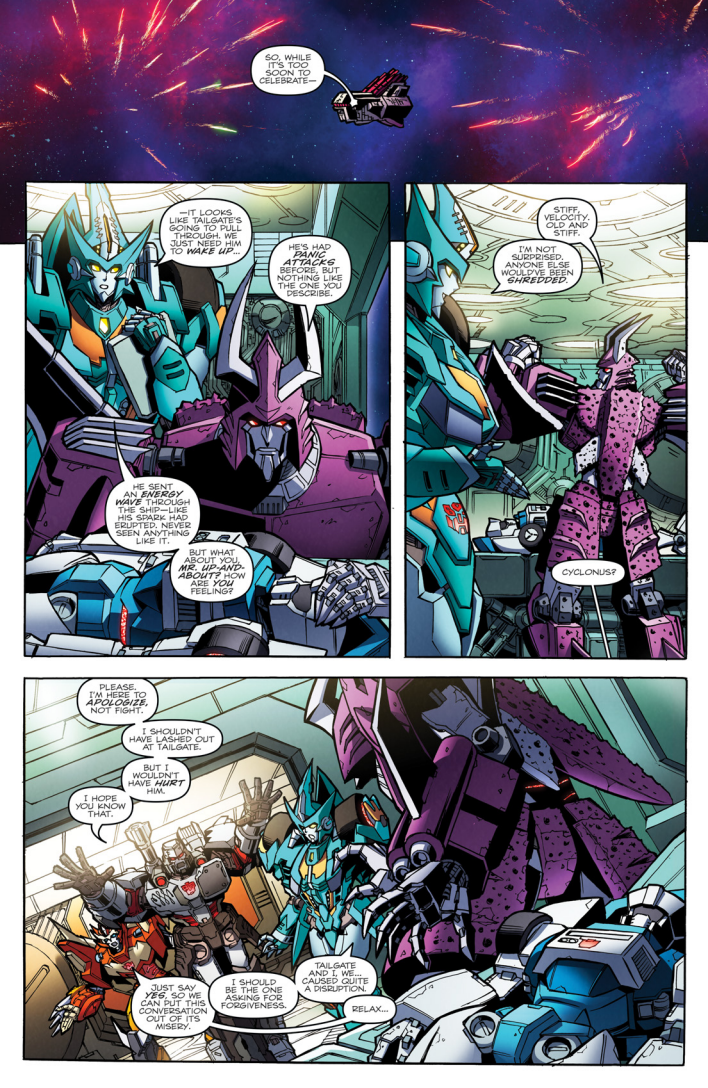
YOU SHOULD TREAT YOURSELF TO SOME NEW ONES.
THERE'S A NEW SUBSPACE HATCH IN THE MEDIBAY—ASK WHEELJACK TO SEND SOME OVER FROM CYBERTRON.
BECAUSE I ONLY COLLECT SHIPS ON WHICH I'VE SERVED.

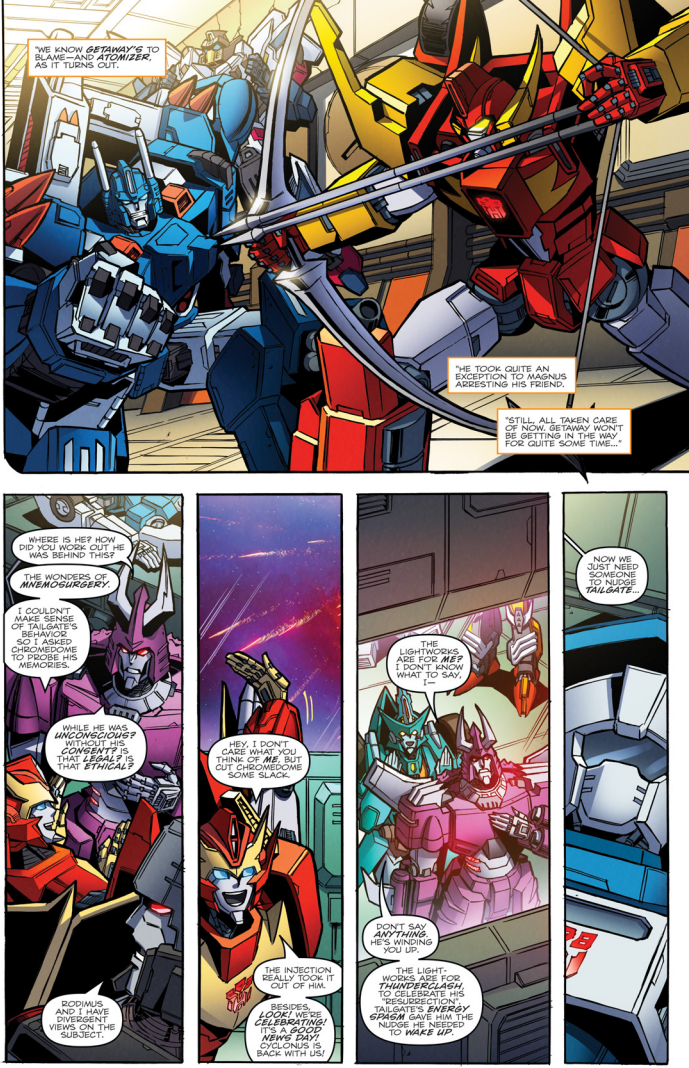

YOU SERVED ON ARK-12?
I WAS RECALLED JUST BEFORE TAKE OFF—THE SENATE DECIDED THAT THEY COULDN'T DO WITHOUT ME.
SO WHY DID YOU LEAVE IN THE END?
LEAVE CYBERTRON? I SUPPOSE MY STAR WAS ON THE WANE. RUNGIAN THERAPY WAS OUT, FROYDIAN ANALYSIS WAS IN.
ANYWAY, I RECORDED OUR SESSION—IT'S ALL ON THE THUMB-HOW'D YOU LIKE IT DELIVERED?
YOU'VE GOT MY NEURO-COORDINATES. SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL SEND EVERYTHING STRAIGHT TO MY BRAIN. REMOTE UPLOADS MAKE LIFE SO MUCH EASIER.
I'LL SEND YOU A NEW APPOINTMENT, TOO. NEXT TIME I'D LIKE YOU TO RECOUNT THE LANDMINE INCIDENT AGAIN.
CAN'T I PICK UP WHERE I LEFT OFF?
ONE STEP BACK, TWO STEPS FORWARD. IT'S THE SAFEST WAY.
NOK NOK
YOU IN THERE, RUNG?
RIPTIDE?
THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU. SAYS HE'S A FRIEND OF YOURS.
YOU?

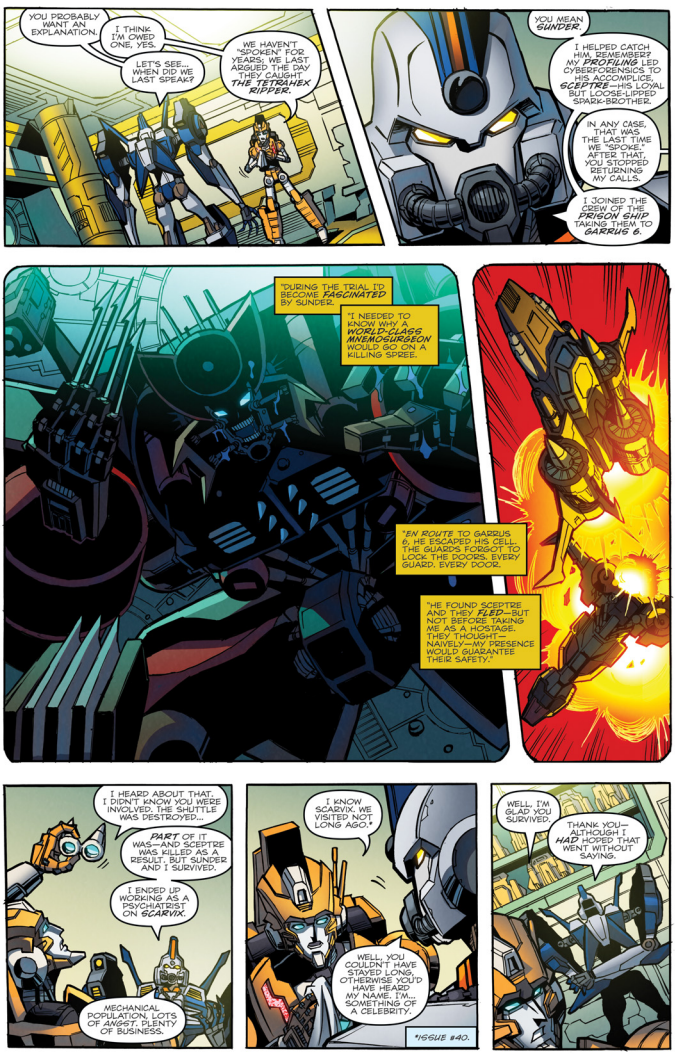
UNLESS YOUR NAME IS AWKWARD SILENCE! I DON'T THINK WE'VE BEEN INTRODUCED.
:—
SORRY. I—
SKIDS, THIS IS FROID. HE WAS A CONTEMPORARY OF MINE—A FELLOW PSYCHIATRIST.

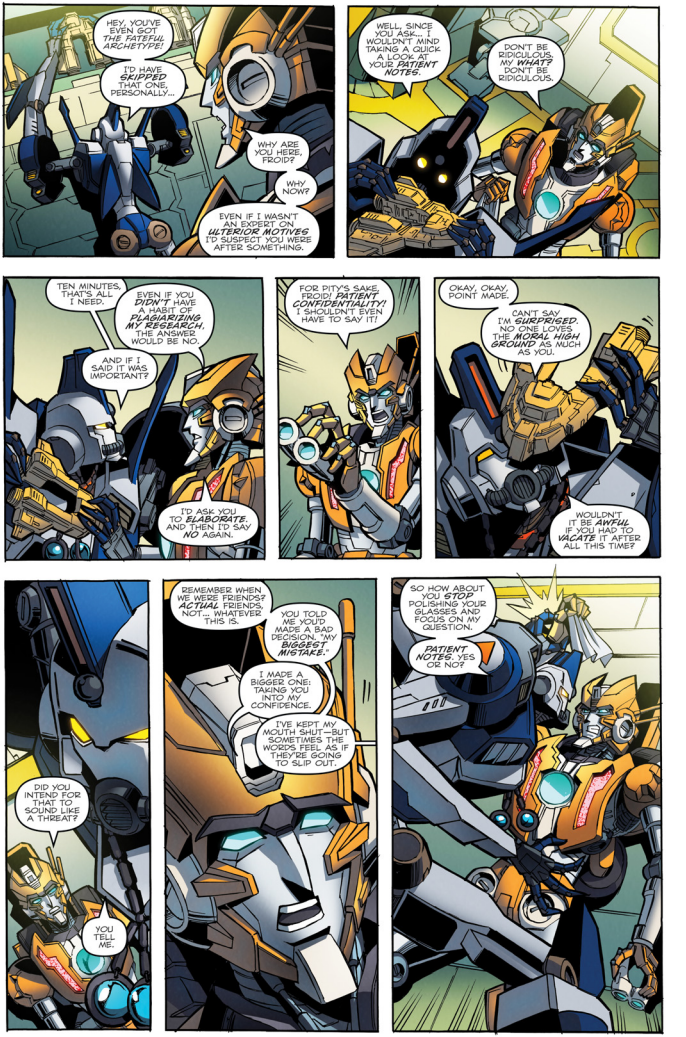

SLASH PSYCHOANALYST SLASH FORENSIC PSYCHOLOGIST SLASH CRIMINAL—
MASTERMIND?
PROFILER.
I'M A MULTI-DISCIPLINARIAN. ALWAYS LEARNING.
TELL ME ABOUT IT.
I'M SORRY, RUNG— I SEEM TO HAVE CAUGHT YOU OFF GUARD.
NO, NO. IF I SEEM DISTRACTED IT'S BECAUSE I WAS VERY MUCH UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT YOU WERE DEAD.


SURPRISE!
I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO TO CATCH UP.
NICE PRIMAL BEADS. BY THE WAY, USED TO HAVE A PAIR MYSELF—AND A MATRIX IN MY CHEEK.
WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU LOSE YOUR FAITH?
LONG STORY. EYEBROWS KNOWS THE DETAILS—WELL, SOME OF THE DETAILS.
I JUST WISH I KNEW A FEW MORE...


SO, WHILE IT'S TOO SOON TO CELEBRATE—
—IT LOOKS LIKE TAILGATE'S GOING TO PULL THROUGH. WE JUST NEED HIM TO *WAKE UP*...
HE'S HAD *PANIC ATTACKS* BEFORE, BUT NOTHING LIKE THE ONE YOU DESCRIBE.
HE SENT AN *ENERGY WAVE* THROUGH THE SHIP—LIKE HIS SPARK HAD ERUPTED. NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.
BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, *MR. UP-AND-ABOUT*? HOW ARE *YOU* FEELING?
STIFF. VELOCITY, OLD AND STIFF.
I'M NOT SURPRISED. ANYONE ELSE WOULD'VE BEEN *SHREDDED*.
CYCLONUS?
PLEASE. I'M HERE TO *APOLOGIZE*, NOT FIGHT.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE LASHED OUT AT TAILGATE.
BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE *HURT* HIM.
I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT.
JUST SAY *YES*, SO WE CAN PUT THIS CONVERSATION OUT OF ITS MISERY.
I SHOULD BE THE ONE ASKING FOR FORGIVENESS.
TAILGATE AND I, WE... CAUSED QUITE A DISRUPTION.
RELAX...

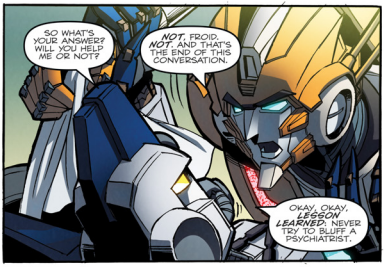

WE KNOW GETAWAY'S TO BLAME—AND ATOMIZER, AS IT TURNS OUT.
HE TOOK QUITE AN EXCEPTION TO MAGNUS ARRESTING HIS FRIEND.
"STILL, ALL TAKEN CARE OF NOW. GETAWAY WON'T BE GETTING IN THE WAY FOR QUITE SOME TIME..."
WHERE IS HE? HOW DID YOU WORK OUT HE WAS BEHIND THIS?
THE WONDERS OF MNEMOSURGERY.
I COULDN'T MAKE SENSE OF TAILGATE'S BEHAVIOR SO I ASKED CHROMEDOME TO PROBE HIS MEMORIES.
WHILE HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS? WITHOUT HIS CONSENT? IS THAT LEGAL? IS THAT ETHICAL?
RODIMUS AND I HAVE DIVERGENT VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.
HEY, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK OF ME, BUT CUT CHROMEDOME SOME SLACK.
THE INJECTION REALLY TOOK IT OUT OF HIM.
BESIDES, LOOK! WE'RE CELEBRATING! IT'S GOOD NEWS DAY! CYCLONUS IS BACK WITH US!
THE LIGHTWORKS ARE FOR ME? I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. |—
DON'T SAY ANYTHING. HE'S WINDING YOU UP.
THE LIGHTWORKS ARE FOR THUNDERCLASH, TO CELEBRATE HIS "RESURRECTION". TAILGATE'S ENERGY SPARK GAVE HIM THE NUDGE HE NEEDED TO WAKE UP.
NOW WE JUST NEED SOMEONE TO NUDGE TAILGATE...


YOU PROBABLY WANT AN EXPLANATION.
I THINK I'M OWED ONE, YES.
LET'S SEE... WHEN DID WE LAST SPEAK?
WE HAVEN'T "SPOKEN" FOR YEARS; WE LAST ARGUED THE DAY THEY CAUGHT THE TETRAMEX RIPPER.
YOU MEAN GUNDER.
I HELPED CATCH HIM. REMEMBER? MY PROFILING LED CYBERFORENSICS TO HIS ACCOMPLICE, SCEPTRE—HIS LOYAL BUT LOOSE-LIPPED SPARK-BROTHER.
IN ANY CASE, THAT WAS THE LAST TIME WE "SPOKE." AFTER THAT, YOU STOPPED RETURNING MY CALLS.
I JOINED THE CREW OF THE PRISON SHIP TAKING THEM TO GARRUS 6.
"DURING THE TRIAL I'D BECOME FASCINATED BY SUNDER.
"I NEEDED TO KNOW WHY A WORLD-CLASS MNEMOSURGEON WOULD GO ON A KILLING SPREE.
"EN ROUTE TO GARRUS 6, HE ESCAPED HIS CELL. THE GUARDS FORGOT TO LOCK THE DOORS. EVERY GUARD. EVERY DOOR.
"HE FOUND SCEPTRE AND THEY FLED—BUT NOT BEFORE TAKING ME AS A HOSTAGE. THEY THOUGHT—NAIVELY—MY PRESENCE WOULD GUARANTEE THEIR SAFETY."
I HEARD ABOUT THAT. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE INVOLVED. THE SHUTTLE WAS DESTROYED...
PART OF IT WAS—AND SCEPTRE WAS KILLED AS A RESULT. BUT SUNDER AND I SURVIVED.
I ENDED UP WORKING AS A PSYCHIATRIST ON SCARVIX.
MECHANICAL POPULATION, LOTS OF ANGST. PLENTY OF BUSINESS.
I KNOW SCARVIX. WE VISITED NOT LONG AGO.
WELL, YOU COULDN'T HAVE STAYED LONG, OTHERWISE YOU'D HAVE HEARD MY NAME. I'M... SOMETHING OF A CELEBRITY.
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU SURVIVED.
THANK YOU—ALTHOUGH I HADN'T HOPED THAT WENT WITHOUT SAYING.
*ISSUE #40.

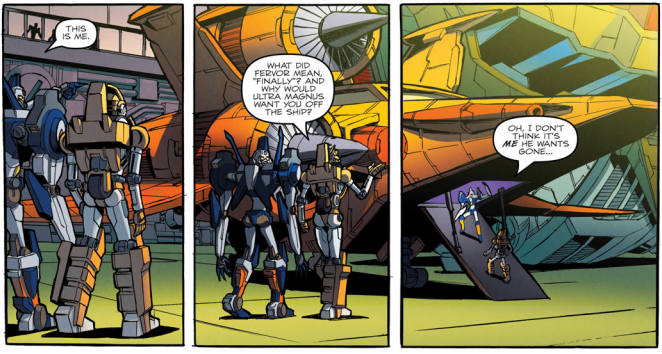

HEY, YOU'VE EVEN GOT THE FAITHFUL ARCHETYPE!
I'D HAVE SKIPPED THAT ONE, PERSONALLY...
WHY ARE YOU HERE, FROID?
WHY NOW?
EVEN IF I WASN'T AN EXPERT ON ULTERIOR MOTIVES I'D SUSPECT YOU WERE AFTER SOMETHING.
WELL, SINCE YOU ASK... I WOULDN'T MIND TAKING A QUICK LOOK AT YOUR PATIENT NOTES.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, MY WHAT? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS.
TEN MINUTES, THAT'S ALL I NEED.
EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE A HABIT OF PLAGIARIZING MY RESEARCH, THE ANSWER WOULD BE NO.
AND IF I SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT?
I'D ASK YOU TO ELABORATE AND THEN I'D SAY NO AGAIN.
FOR PITY'S SAKE, FROID! PATIENT CONFIDENTIALITY! I SHOULDN'T EVEN HAVE TO SAY IT!
OKAY, OKAY, POINT MADE.
CAN'T SAY I'M SURPRISED. NO ONE LOVES THE MORAL HIGH GROUND AS MUCH AS YOU.
WOULDN'T IT BE AWFUL IF YOU HAD TO VACATE IT AFTER ALL THIS TIME?
DID YOU INTEND FOR THAT TO SOUND LIKE A THREAT?
YOU TELL ME.
REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE FRIENDS? ACTUAL FRIENDS, NOT... WHATEVER THIS IS.
YOU TOLD ME YOU'D MADE A BAD DECISION. "MY BIGGEST MISTAKE."
I MADE A BIGGER ONE: TAKING YOU INTO MY CONFIDENCE.
I'VE KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT—BUT SOMETIMES THE WORDS FEEL AS IF THEY'RE GOING TO SLIP OUT.
SO HOW ABOUT YOU STOP POLISHING YOUR GLASSES AND FOCUS ON MY QUESTION.
PATIENT NOTES. YES OR NO?

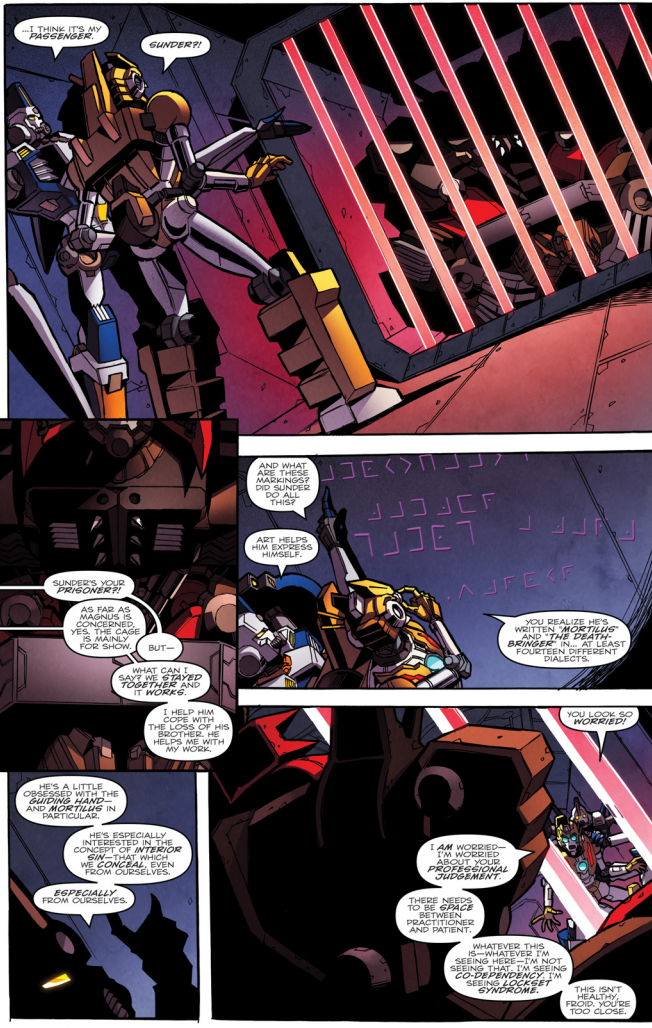
THE OIL RESERVOIR.
"YOU CAN PUT THIS ONE IN THE CELL WITH [redacted]."
"WITH [redacted] HE STILL HERE? I THOUGHT HE WAS BEING TRANSFERRED."
STOP... PLEASE... DON'T HURT ME...
TRUST ME. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
THEY MAY THINK IT'S *FUNNY* TO TRAP YOU IN YOUR ALT MODE, BUT—
AH! *THERE* IT IS!
REMARKABLE.
HOW DID YOU MANAGE THAT? INHIBITOR SPIKES DON'T COME OUT WITHOUT A FIGHT.

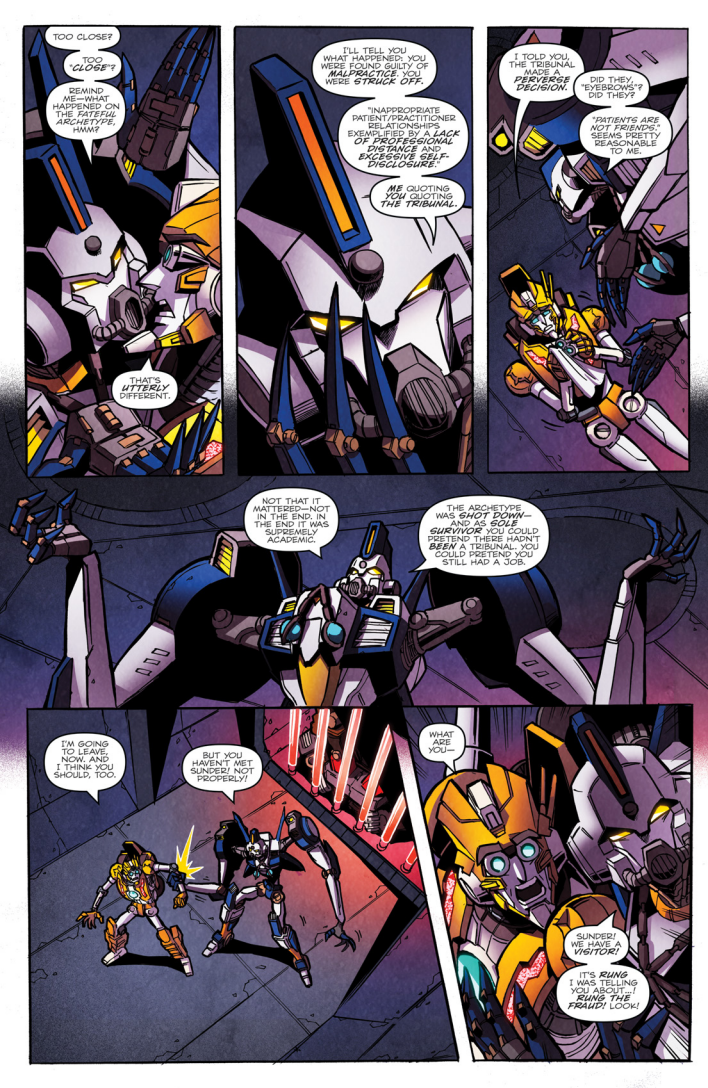
I SAW ONE BEING BUILT. I KNOW HOW THEY WORK.
REMARKABLE.
NOT REALLY. I'M AN OUTLIER. I HAVE KNACK FOR ACQUIRING SKILLS—LEARNING BY STEALTH.
I'M QUARK.
SKIDS.
A WORD OF ADVICE, SKIDS: DON'T TELL ANY-ONE WHAT YOU CAN DO—ESPECIALLY NOT THE COMMANDANT.
ANYTHING THAT SINGLES YOU OUT PUTS YOU AT RISK.
NOTED.
NOW, WHAT IS THERE FOR A FOOTLOOSE AUTOBOT TO DO AROUND HERE, OTHER THAN PLAN HIS ESCAPE?
WELL, WE COULD TALK, OR REST...
TALK OR REST. EH? STEADY ON!
THEY USED TO PLAY MUSIC. THEY DON'T ANYMORE.
WE ONLY PLAY MUSIC WHEN WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE.
THAT'S [redacted]! THAT'S HIS VOICE!
ISN'T ANYONE GOING TO [redacted]? I WANT TO [redacted]
"ISN'T ANYONE GOING TO [redacted]?"
C'MON... THINK! THINK!
"I WANT TO [redacted]."

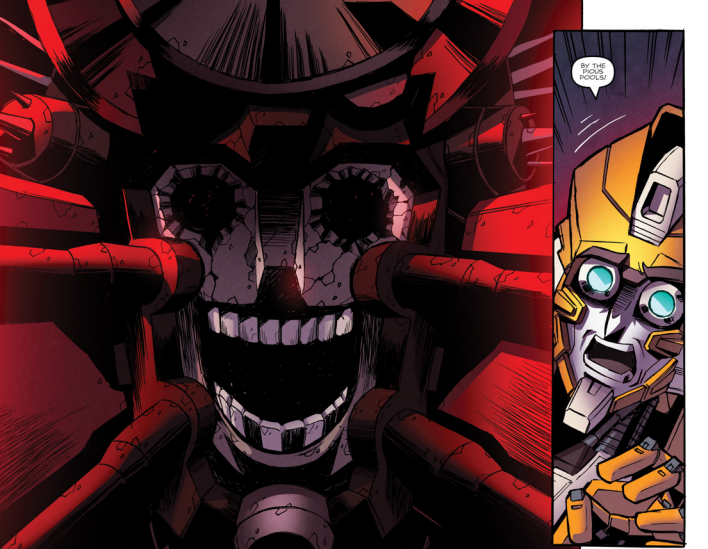

SO WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER? WILL YOU HELP ME OR NOT?
NOT. FROID. NOT. AND THAT'S THE END OF THIS CONVERSATION.
OKAY, OKAY. LESSON LEARNED: NEVER TRY TO BLUFF A PSYCHIATRIST.
LOOKS LIKE I CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD FOR NOTHING.
SIGH!
IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO TO HELP? ANYTHING THAT ISN'T MORALLY ABHORRENT?
THERE IS ONE THING YOU COULD DO...

"...YOU COULD SEE ME OFF."
KINDLE? FERVOR? WHEN DID WE START GUARDING THE SHUTTLE BAY?
SINCE HE TURNED UP.
CAN WE COME THROUGH? FROID'S LEAVING.
FINALLY. I'LL LET MAGNUS KNOW.


THIS IS ME.
WHAT DID FERVOR MEAN, "FINALLY"? AND WHY WOULD ULTRA MAGNUS WANT YOU OFF THE SHIP?
OH, I DON'T THINK IT'S ME HE WANTS GONE...


...I THINK IT'S MY PASSENGER.
SUNDER?!
SUNDER'S YOUR *PRISONER?!*
AS FAR AS MAGNUS IS CONCERNED, YES. THE CAGE IS MAINLY FOR SHOW.
BUT—
WHAT CAN I SAY? WE *STAYED TOGETHER* AND IT *WORKS.*
I HELP HIM COPE WITH THE LOSS OF HIS BROTHER. HE HELPS ME WITH MY WORK.
HE'S A LITTLE OBSESSED WITH THE *GUIDING HAND*— AND *MORTILUS* IN PARTICULAR.
HE'S ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THE CONCEPT OF *INTERIOR SIN*—THAT WHICH WE *CONCEAL*, EVEN FROM OURSELVES.
ESPECIALLY FROM OURSELVES.
AND WHAT ARE THESE MARKINGS? DID SUNDER DO ALL THIS?
ART HELPS HIM EXPRESS HIMSELF.
YOU REALIZE HE'S WRITTEN "*MORTILUS*" AND "*THE DEATH-BRINGER*" IN... AT LEAST FOURTEEN DIFFERENT DIALECTS.
YOU LOOK SO *WORRIED!*
I *AM* WORRIED— I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR *PROFESSIONAL JUDGMENT.*
THERE NEEDS TO BE *SPACE* BETWEEN PRACTITIONER AND PATIENT.
WHATEVER THIS IS—WHATEVER I'M SEEING HERE—I'M NOT SEEING THAT. I'M SEEING *CO-DEPENDENCY.* I'M SEEING *LOCKSET SYNDROME.*
THIS ISN'T HEALTHY, FROID. YOU'RE TOO CLOSE.


TOO CLOSE?
TOO "CLOSE"?
REMIND ME—WHAT HAPPENED ON THE *FATEFUL ARCHETYPE* HMM?
THAT'S *UTTERLY* DIFFERENT.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED: YOU WERE FOUND GUILTY OF ***MALPRACTICE***. YOU WERE ***STRUCK OFF***.
"INAPPROPRIATE PATIENT/PRACTITIONER RELATIONSHIPS EXEMPLIFIED BY A ***LACK OF PROFESSIONAL DISTANCE*** AND ***EXCESSIVE SELF-DISCLOSURE***."
ME QUOTING. ***YOU*** QUOTING. ***THE TRIBUNAL***.
I TOLD YOU, THE TRIBUNAL MADE A ***PERVERSE DECISION***.
DID THEY, "EYEBROWS"? DID THEY?
"PATIENTS ARE NOT FRIENDS." SEEMS PRETTY REASONABLE TO ME.
NOT THAT IT MATTERED—NOT IN THE END. IN THE END IT WAS "SUPREMELY ACADEMIC."
THE ARCHETYPE WAS ***SHOT DOWN***—AND AS ***SOLE SURVIVOR*** YOU COULD PRETEND THERE HADN'T ***BEEN*** A TRIBUNAL. YOU COULD PRETEND YOU STILL HAD A JOB.
I'M GOING TO LEAVE. NOW. AND I THINK YOU SHOULD, TOO.
BUT YOU HAVEN'T MET SUNDER! NOT PROPERLY!
WHAT ARE YOU—
SUNDER! WE HAVE A ***VISITOR!***
IT'S ***RUNG***! I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT...! ***RUNG, THE FRAUD!*** LOOK!


BY THE YOUS POOUS!

IT'S A CONTROL MECHANISM.
I'VE ENCOURAGED SUNDER TO BELIEVE THAT HE NEEDS TO SEE HIS VICTIMS BEFORE HE CAN OPERATE ON THEM.
DID I SAY VICTIM? SORRY. FROIDIAN SLIP.

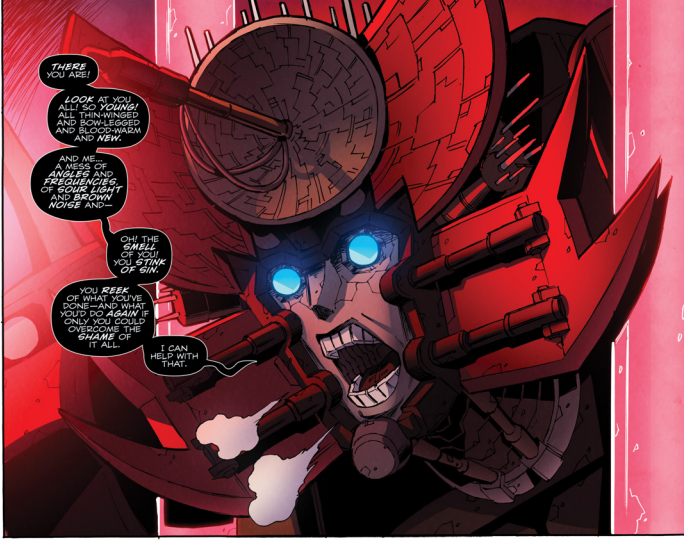
AFTER HIS ARREST, SUNDER TOOK HIS SKILLS TO THE NEXT LEVEL: REMOTE MNEMOSURGERY. HE CAN ACCESS YOUR MEMORIES JUST BY LOOKING AT YOU.

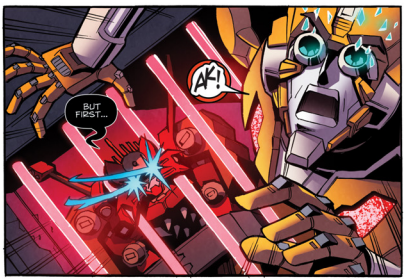
HE SAVES MEMORIES HAVE A FLAVOR—THE DARKER THE MEMORY, THE SWEETER THE TASTE.
AND THE SWEETEST ONES ARE THE ONES WE LOCK AWAY. THE ONES WE BURY.
COURSE IT ISN'T NICE WHEN A BURIED MEMORY IS DISINTERRED, IN PART. IF THE PROCESS IS RUSHED IT CAN OFTEN BE FATAL...
THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT MY PATIENTS— YOU WERE PROCURING...

SUNDER AND I HAVE AN ARRANGEMENT. HE HELPS ME WITH MY WORK AND I KEEP HIM WELL FED.

IF YOU'D TOLD ME WHICH CREWMEMBERS WERE SUFFERING FROM REPRESSED MEMORY SYNDROME I COULD'VE OFFERED HIM WITH A COUPLE OF CHOICE CUTS AND WE CAN BE ON OUR WAY.

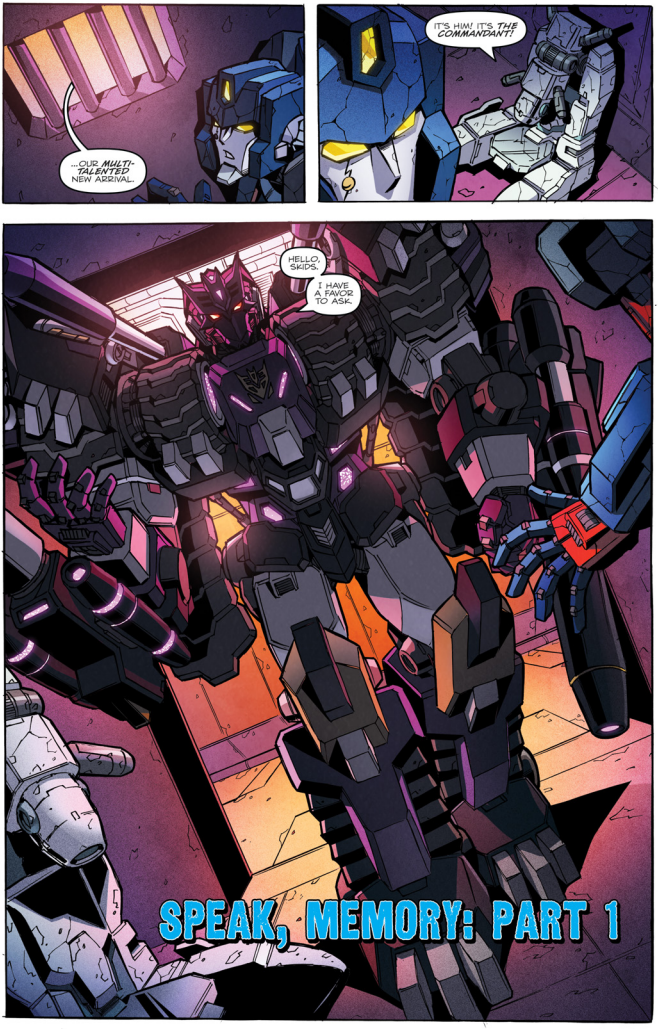
SKIDS!
GO! RUN!
EH? BUT YOU CALLED ME!
JUST LEAVE! IT'S NOT SAFE!
KLUNK
OKAY, CONFUSED.
YOU SENT ME MY CASE NOTES VIA REMOTE UPLOAD AND ADDED A MESSAGE TELLING ME TO MEET YOU HERE.
YES— BECAUSE I WAS SUSPICIOUS OF FRODI'S MOTIVES! I DIDN'T REALIZE HE'D SMUGGLE A SERIAL KILLER ON BOARD!
POK POK
FACE DOWN, SUNDER!
INCOMING!

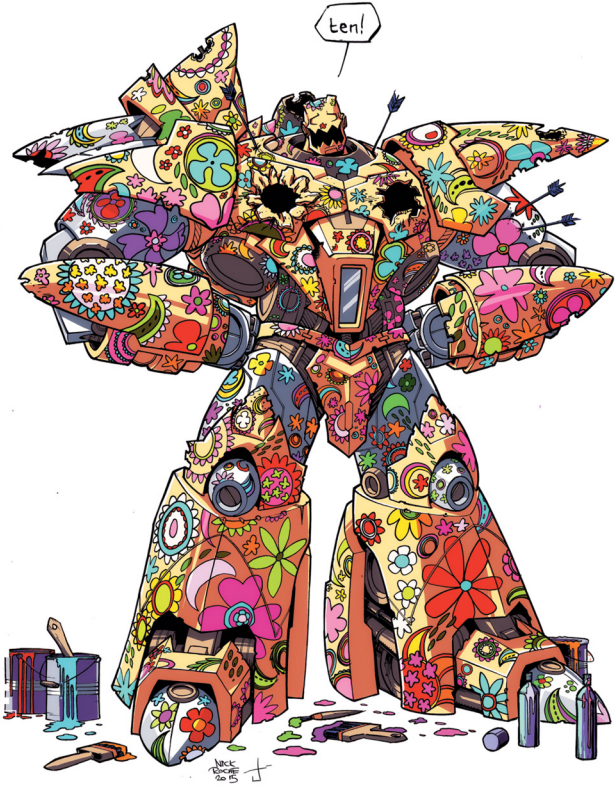

THERE YOU ARE!
LOOK AT YOU ALL! SO YOUNG! ALL THIN-WINGED AND BOW-LEGGED AND BLOOD-WARM AND NEW.
AND ME... A MESS OF ANGLES AND FREQUENCIES, OF SOUR LIGHT AND BROWN NOISE AND—
OH! THE SMELL OF YOU! YOU STINK OF SIN.
YOU REEK OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE—AND WHAT YOU'D DO AGAIN IF ONLY YOU COULD OVERCOME THE SHAME OF IT ALL.
I CAN HELP WITH THAT.


BUT FIRST...
AH!

HE'S IN YOUR HEAD! HE'S ROOTING THROUGH YOUR MEMORIES, IDENTIFYING YOUR PATIENTS!
DON'T YOU SEE? I CURBED HIS APPETITE BY RATIONING HIS INTAKE!
NOW YOU'VE SHOWN HIM THE MENU. NOW HE'LL WANT TO EAT EVERYONE ON IT!

GAH!
STARTING WITH SKIDS!
ISN'T ANYONE GOING TO INVITE ME IN? I WANT TO MEET OUR NEW ARRIVA....


...OUR MULTI-TALENTED NEW ARRIVAL...
IT'S HIM! IT'S THE COMMANDANT!
HELLO, SKIDS.
I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK.
SPEAK, MEMORY: PART 1



☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #48 COVER SUB

by **NICK ROCHE** Colors by **JOSH BURCHAM**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #49 COVER A

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

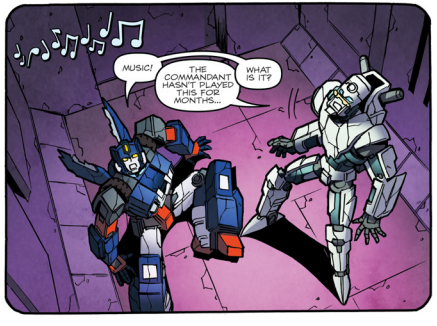
SUNDER! PLEASE! GET OUT OF SKIDS' HEAD--
--YOU'RE KILLING HIM!
I'M LIBERATING HIM! DISINTEGRATING HIS MEMORIES--
--AND HELPING HIM CELEBRATE HIS SIN!"
DAY SIX, SKIDS. HOW GO THE REPAIRS?
SLOWLY.

I'M HAPPY TO WAIT—SO LONG AS MY PATIENCE IS REWARDED.
I SAID I'D RELEASE FIFTY PRISONERS IF YOU CAN FIX THE TELEPORT GENERATORS.
IF YOU CAN'T—IF YOU PROVE NO MORE SKILLED THAN MY OWN ENGINEERS—I'LL KILL TEN TIMES THAT NUMBER.
YEAH, THANKS FOR THAT. VERY MOTIVATIONAL. SHOULD PUT THAT ON A POSTER.
ANYWAY. FINISHED.
YOU WERE GETTING A BUILD-UP OF RESIDUAL ENERGY—IT HAD NOWHERE TO VENT—SO ALL THE GENERATORS WERE SHUTTING DOWN.
I'VE RECALIBRATED THE MODULATION COILS SO THEY CAN REGULATE THE FLOW. YOU'LL NEED TO TEST THEM, BUT—CROSS FINGERS—JOB DONE.
HEAR THAT, SNARE? JOB DONE. ISN'T IT A PLEASURE TO MEET SOMEONE WITH A CAN-DO ATTITUDE?
NOW, ONCE OUR RESIDENT OUTLIER HAS HANDED OVER HIS TOOLS...
"...YOU CAN ESCORT HIM BACK TO HIS CELL."
STILL AT IT, I SEE.
WHAT?
SMILING.
THIS ISN'T A SMILE.
SMILING AT A JOB WELL DONE.
THIS ISN'T A SMILE!
DID THE COMMANDANT GIVE YOU A PAT ON THE BACK? DID HE OFFER YOU A DRINK? HE'S ALWAYS PETS HIS FAVORITES.
YOU THINK I'M DOING THIS FOR THE ATTENTION?
THE ATTENTION OR THE PRAISE.
RIGHT. BECAUSE YESTERDAY YOU SAID IT WAS 'COS I LIKED SHOWING OFF. THE DAY BEFORE THAT YOU SAID BOREDOM.
WELL WHY ARE YOU DOING IT?
HOW MANY REASONS DO YOU WANT? 'COS I CAN GIVE YOU FIFTY!
WELL, I'M GLAD ONE OF US THINKS THAT SADISTIC DECEPTICON WARLORDS KEEP THEIR PROMISES.

EVEN IF HE RENEGES—AND YOU'RE RIGHT, HE PROBABLY WILL—AT LEAST GRINDCORE WILL HAVE A *MASS TELEPORTER* AGAIN.
FUEL POISONING, BEATINGS... AND WHAT IS IT NOW, ABOUT A DOZEN *INHIBITOR DEATHS* A WEEK?
SENDING P.O.W.S TO *WARMWORLDS** IS BETTER THAN WATCHING THEM *DIE IN HERE.*
*NEWLY-CYBERFORMED PLANETS.

IT'S OFF-WORLD *SLAVE LABOR.*
OF COURSE IT IS! BUT SLAVES NEED FUEL. THEY NEED TO BE KEPT *ALIVE.*
THAT'S *SOMETHING,* ISN'T IT? THAT'S BETTER THAN HERE.
WOULDN'T YOU RATHER BE *OUT THERE,* MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY? EVEN IF IT IS TO BUILD AN *EMPTY CITY* ON A *STOLEN PLANET...*

...WOULDN'T YOU RATHER *THAT* THAN *THIS?*


MUSIC!
THE COMMANDANT HASN'T PLAYED THIS FOR MONTHS...
WHAT IS IT?

"IT'S CALLED THE *EMPYREAN SUITE.*"
FROID! WHAT ARE YOU—
WHY ARE YOU *UNLOCKING HIS CAGE?!*

TRUST ME, THIS IS THE LEAST WORST OPTION...
BACK IN THE CAGE, MISTER! THIS CAN STILL HAVE A HAPPY ENDING!
OH YES—THE HAPPIEST.
DO YOU NOT REALIZE? I WALK ON THIS WORLD AS THE DEATHBRINGER—AS MORTILUS HIMSELF!
I AM HIS VESSEL—THE SIN-DAPPLED INSTRUMENT OF HIS WILL—AND I BID THAT YOU REJOICE, FOR TODAY IS THE DAY—
—YOU LOOK INSIDE YOURSELVES!
SSSLUTCH SSSLUTCH
TRANSMIT.

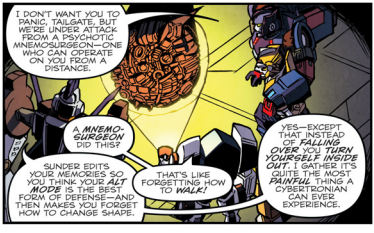
'Speak, Memory!' (Part 2)

THE LOST LIGHT'S MAXIMUM SECURITY BRIG. SOME TIME LATER.
WHO IS THAT? WHO'S IN THERE?
—AND THERE'S WRITING EVERYWHERE.
MORTILUS SAVES.
OH.
THE ONE PERSON I CAN FIND TO TALK TO AND IT'S YOU.
WHAT'S HAPPENING, GETAWAY?
ALL THE LIGHTS HAVE BEEN TURNED OUT. THE SHIP'S DESERTED—
AND WHAT ARE THESE ROUND THINGS? THERE'S ONE UPSTAIRS, OUTSIDE THE MEDIBAY, A SMALLER ONE.
I'D SAY NAVAL MINES, EXCEPT WE'RE NOT UNDERWATER. AT LEAST I DON'T THINK WE ARE.
ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?
YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, AND NOW YOU'RE IGNORING ME?!
I'D SAY YOU WERE ASHAMED, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'VE GOT IT IN YOU.
AND CYCLONUS! YOU NEARLY GOT HIM KILLED, TOO!
SEE THIS?
IT'S HIS INNERMOST ENERGON. IT WAS BY MY BEDSIDE WHEN I WOKE UP.
SO WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S EVERYONE ELSE?
NO?
NOTHING?

...
WELL—
THUD
—YOU, THEN.
SEE YA, GETAWAY.
I HOPE YOU GET THE LIFE YOU DESERVE...

NOW WHAT *ARE* YOU...?
CAREFUL—YOU MIGHT HURT HIM.

THIS WAS A *PERSON*?
WAS AND *IS*—PROVIDED THEIR *SPARK CASING* IS UNBROKEN.


I DON'T WANT YOU TO PANIC, TAILGATE, BUT WE'RE UNDER ATTACK FROM A PSYCHOTIC MNEMOSURGEON—ONE WHO CAN OPERATE ON YOU FROM A DISTANCE.
A *MNEMOSURGEON* DID THIS?
SUNDER EDITS YOUR MEMORIES SO YOU THINK YOUR *ALT MODE* IS THE BEST FORM OF DEFENSE—AND THEN MAKES YOU FORGET HOW TO CHANGE SHAPE.
THAT'S LIKE FORGETTING HOW TO *WALK*!
YES—EXCEPT THAT INSTEAD OF *FALLING OVER*, YOU *TURN YOURSELF INSIDE OUT*. I GATHER IT'S QUITE THE MOST *PAINFUL* THING A CYBERTRONIAN CAN EVER EXPERIENCE.

OW! NOT SO TIGHT!
WHAT'S HAPPENING, BUNGY? WHERE'S CYCLONUS?
IN HIS ROOM, I SUSPECT—LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

THE WHOLE SHIP'S IN LOCKDOWN.
WHEN HE HEARD SUNDER WAS LOOSE, MEGATRON DOUSED THE LIGHTS AND ORDERED EVERYONE TO HIDE THEMSELVES AWAY.
IF SUNDER CAN'T SEE YOU, HE CAN'T OPERATE ON YOU.
BUT YOU'RE OUT IN THE OPEN...
I'M LOOKING FOR CHROMEDOME—I NEED HIM TO STOP SKIDS FROM ACCESSING THE REST OF HIS MISSING MEMORIES.
WHATEVER IT WAS, UNLESS HE REMEMBERS IT IN A NURTURING ENVIRONMENT—AND GRADUALLY, AND WITH PEOPLE HE TRUSTS—IT COULD CAUSE IRREVERSIBLE DAMAGE.
SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM IN GRINDCORE—SOMETHING SO AWFUL HE LITERALLY COULDN'T COMPREHEND IT?

MY GOODNESS, IS THAT...? IS THAT YOUR FIRST SCOWL? I'M HONORED.
HOW COULD YOU WORK WITH HIM, FROID? HOW COULD YOU LET HIM OUT OF HIS CAGE?
OH.
SUNDER.
WAS IT FEAR? ARE YOU SCARED OF HIM?

OF COURSE I AM! BUT IT'S DIFFERENT ON SCARVIX. PROPERLY CONTROLLED, HE'S INVALUABLE.
IMAGINE YOU HAD A SILENT PARTNER WHO COULD EXAMINE YOUR PATIENTS' MEMORIES WITHOUT THEM EVEN KNOWING.
IMAGINE THE INSIGHT YOU'D HAVE INTO THEIR LIVES! IMAGINE HOW MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE THEIR TREATMENT WOULD BE!

HNNK!
HE'S REMEMBERING AGAIN!
SUNDER MUST BE NEARBY!
NOW SKIDS—WHERE WERE WE?

EXCELLENT RESULTS. ABSOLUTELY WORTH THE WAIT.
THANK YOU! THE GENERATORS WORK. I TAKE IT?
OH. BETTER THAN EVER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO THEM, BUT THE RECHARGE RATE IS *PHENOMENAL*.
WE'RE TELEPORTING *TWICE* AS MANY PRISONERS AS WE USED TO.
AND YOUR END OF THE BARGAIN?
UPHELD.
FIFTY INMATES, DEPOSITED IN THE *MANGANESE MOUNTAINS* THIS MORNING. THEY'RE SAFE.
NEXT TIME IT'S A HUNDRED.
NEXT TIME?
NEXT TIME THE GENERATORS PACK UP, NEXT TIME YOU NEED ME TO FIX THEM.
THERE WON'T *BE* A NEXT TIME. SNARE WATCHED YOU WORK—HE CAN FIX THE COILS IN FUTURE. YOU'RE *REDUNDANT*, SKIDS. I'M LETTING YOU GO.
WHAT, LITERALLY?
IN A *WAY*. LITERALLY...
THE NEXT *MASS TELEPORT* IS *TOMORROW*. IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR EFFORTS I'M GIVING YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO BE ONE OF THE LUCKY TRAVELLERS. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
CAN I GIVE SOMEONE ELSE MY PLACE?

FROID!
HEY–
GET OVER HERE! HELP ME KEEP SKIDS OUT OF SIGHT!
FROID, PARTNER, SO KIND–SO CARING–BUT HEAVING WITH SIN, FULL TO THE BRIM WITH BLUE-BLACK SAP.
OPEN UP. FROID, THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PATIENTS, ISN'T IT?
OPEN UP.
TSCH- TSCHE- TSCH-TSHE
AAAHEEEE!
KOOM
GUH!

THUNDERCLASH!
LEAVE HIM. GO HELP THUNDERCLASH!
IT'S RODIMUS. SUNDER MUST HAVE CAUGHT HIM TURNING OFF THE LIGHTS IN THE BRIG. I TOLD HIM NOT TO RUN AHEAD...
GO. I'LL SORT THIS OUT.
PRETTY FAST FOR A RUFFIAN. WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
LEFT AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR. I IMAGINE HE'S HEADING FOR THE SHUTTLE BAY.
DON'T TELL ME: GRINDCORE.
HE'S CLOSE TO REMEMBEERING. HE MUST BE.
CAN YOU PROTECT HIM?
I CAN MAKE SURE ANYTHING LEFT HIDDEN STAYS HIDDEN.
DON'T WORRY— HE'LL BE FINE.
THANK YOU.
WAIT—YOU'RE GOING AFTER SUNDER?
NO OFFENSE, BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE FIGHTING TO THE EXPERTS.
I DOUBT THE EXPERTS HAVE ONE OF THESE...
TAP TAP

SUNDER!
WAIT.
BUT HE'LL GET AWAY!
I'VE JUST REMEMBERED. SUNDER HAD AN *ACCOMPLICE*.
I KNOW, *SCEPTRE*. HE WAS *DESTROYED*.
HE *DIED*. THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.
TSCH- TSCHE- TSCH-TSHE
HAVE YOU MET MY *BIG BROTHER*?
SCEPTRE AND I WERE *VERY CLOSE*. WE STILL ARE.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'VE BULKED UP— ONE STEP CLOSER AND I'LL FINISH YOU.
YOU THINK DEATH SCARES ME IN THE SLIGHTEST? I'VE LIVED HALF MY LIFE IN ITS SHADOW.
IT IS THE FATE OF EVERY MNEMOSURGEON TO DIE ON THE JOB—A VICTIM OF THEIR ADDICTION.
WE KNOW WHEN DEATH IS NEAR: WE CAN FEEL IT CREEPING CLOSER—BUT NEVER CLOSE ENOUGH TO MAKE US STOP.
THE FATAL INJECTION IS ALWAYS THE NEXT INJECTION—UNTIL ONE DAY IT ISN'T.
SO IF YOU WANT TO THREATEN ME, TRY HARDER.
AND YET YOU'RE CLEARLY RATTLED. I NOTICE YOU'VE DROPPED THE MORTILUS IMPERSONATION.
RATTLED, THUNDERCLASH? RATTLED?
NNNNG!!
LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND SAY THAT.
TSCH-
TSCHE-
TSCH-TSHE
HRRK!
DON'T WORRY, MEGATRON. YOU'RE NEXT.

KOOM
NNEEAAARGH!
SAY HELLO TO MY FLEET, SUNDER! YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO LIKES TO DO THINGS REMOTELY!
AARGH!
KOOM
WHY THE EYES?
IF HE CAN'T SEE, HE CAN'T HURT US!
KLANK
OKAY, HE CAN STILL HURT US.

MEGATRON! PICK UP THE GUN! SHOOT HIM!
GOT YOU!
THE GUN, MEGATRON!
PICK UP THE BLINKIN' GUN!
BACK DOWN, SUNDER.
NO. CRUSH YOU INSTEAD.
DISENGAGE, AND NO ONE ELSE NEED GET HURT.
KEEP TALKING. IT HELPS MY AIM.
HEY, BOZO! OVER HERE!

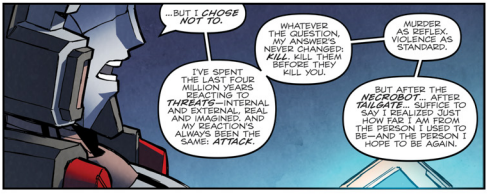
WANNA PLAY CATCH?
WRUNCH
HOW COULD YOU *POSSIBLY*
I'VE HONESTLY NO IDEA.

EPILOGUE 1

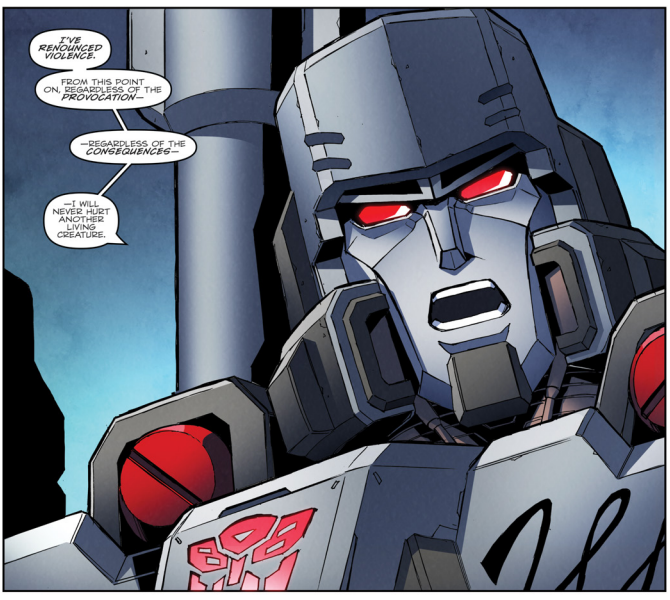
THE BRIDGE, LATER.
YOUR RESIGNATION, I PRESUME.
ARE YOU SURPRISED? YOU HEARD WHAT FROID SAID ABOUT ME BEING STRUCK OFF.*
I DID—BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU SENT A RECORDING OF YOUR ENTIRE CONVERSATION DIRECTLY TO MY NEURAL NETWORK.
*LAST ISSUE.
!—WELL, I STARTED RECORDING THE MOMENT FROID LED ME INTO THE SHUTTLE. I SENSED SOMETHING WAS... AWRY.
BUT THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION?
THERE WAS NO TIME TO EDIT OUT THE INCRIMINATING DETAILS. I HAD TO WARN YOU ABOUT SUNDER SO YOU COULD PROTECT THE CREW.
I STILL THINK THE TRIBUNAL'S DECISION WAS WRONG, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN IGNORE IT, LIKE SKIDS—LIKE SO MANY OF US—I'VE BEEN IN A STATE OF DENIAL.
NO. I WON'T ACCEPT THIS. YOU'VE SPENT YOUR WHOLE LIFE FORGIVING OTHER PEOPLE'S MISTAKES.
WHY SHOULD YOU BE DENIED THAT SAME KINDNESS?
I WANT YOU TO TELL EVERYONE ON BOARD ABOUT THE TRIBUNAL—AND THEN LET YOUR PATIENTS DECIDE WHETHER THEY WANT TO KEEP SEEING YOU.
"LET YOUR PATIENTS DECIDE"—WOULD YOU SAY THAT TO A BRAIN SURGEON WHO'D BEEN STRUCK OFF OR A FAILED SPACE BRIDGE ENGINEER—WOULD YOU LET HIS PASSENGERS TAKE THE RISK?
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO LITTLE OF ME—SO LITTLE OF MY WORK—THAT YOU'D SUGGEST SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
I WILL TELL EVERYONE ABOUT THE TRIBUNAL...
"...BUT ONLY BY WAY OF EXPLAINING WHY I'M NO LONGER PRACTICING."
RODIMUS. GOOD TO SEE YOU'RE IN... BETTER SHAPE.
DID YOU COME UP WITH THAT JOKE ALL BY YOURSELF?
ULTRA MAGNUS SUGGESTED THE PAUSE.
NOW THIS... THIS IS PROPER FUNNY.
IF THIS IS YOUR RESIGNATION, I ACCEPT.
IT'S VELOCITY'S REPORT ON TAILGATE, AND IT'S GOT ONE HELL OF A PUNCHLINE.

THERE: "I CAN ONLY CONCLUDE THAT ACUTE STRESS-RELATED TRAUMA CAUSED TAILGATE'S SPARK—ALREADY UNIQUELY SUSCEPTIBLE TO MUTATION AS A RESULT OF THE BACKGROUND RADIATION GENERATED BY QUANTUM TRAVEL—TO EVOLVE."
EVOLVE INTO WHAT? WHAT IS HE?
HE'S A NEW BREED OF OUTLIER-ENHANCED STRENGTH, ABNORMAL SPEED, INVULNERABILITY...
INCREDIBLE.

AND YET NOT THE STRANGEST THING TO HAPPEN IN SHUTTLE BAY FOUR...
I DON'T FOLLOW.
WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOOT SUNDER?
I COULD HAVE DONE...

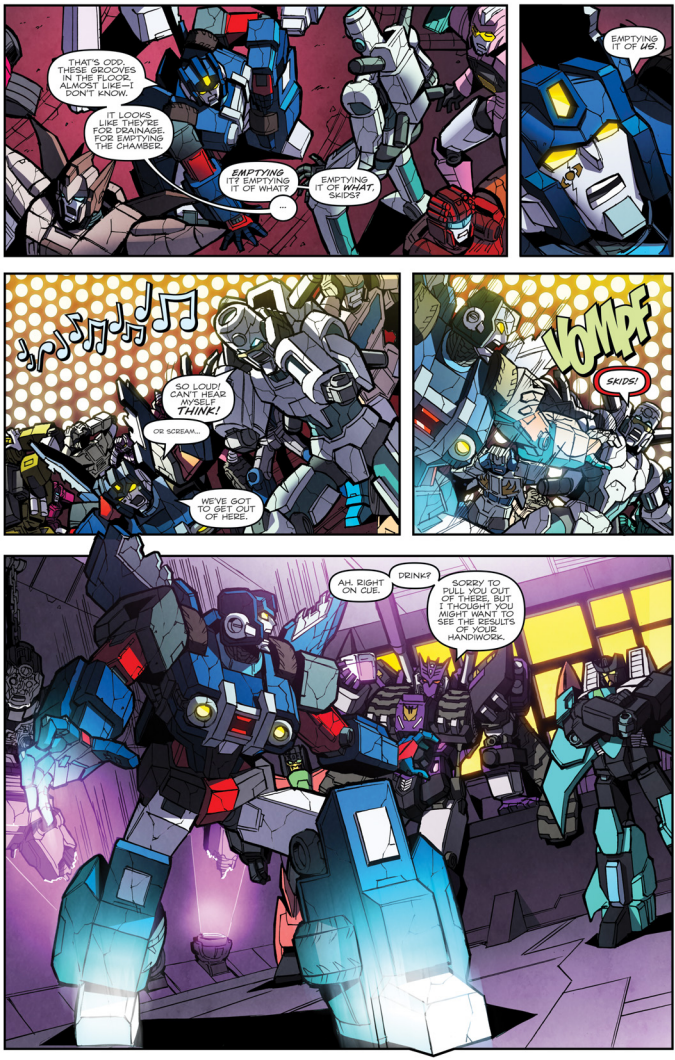

...BUT I CHOSE NOT TO.
I'VE SPENT THE LAST FOUR MILLION YEARS REACTING TO THREATS—INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL, REAL AND IMAGINED, AND MY REACTION'S ALWAYS BEEN THE SAME: ATTACK.
WHATEVER THE QUESTION, MY ANSWER'S NEVER CHANGED: KILL. KILL THEM BEFORE THEY KILL YOU.
MURDER AS REFLEX. VIOLENCE AS STANDARD.
BUT AFTER THE NECROBOT... AFTER TAILGATE... SUFFICE TO SAY I REALIZED JUST HOW FAR I AM FROM THE PERSON I USED TO BE—AND THE PERSON I HOPE TO BE AGAIN.

I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO SAY.
DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT?
I'D LIKE YOU TO, YEAH.


I'VE RENOUNCED VIOLENCE.
FROM THIS POINT ON, REGARDLESS OF THE PROVOCATION—
—REGARDLESS OF THE CONSEQUENCES—
—I WILL NEVER HURT ANOTHER LIVING CREATURE.

EPILOGUE 2

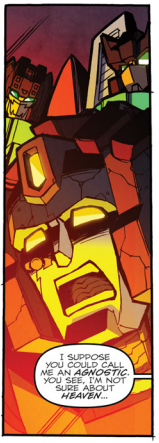
GRINDCORE, THE TELEPORT CHAMBER. A LONG TIME AGO.
VERY ORDERLY, ISN'T IT?
I KNOW, EXCITED?
I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S QUITE THE WORD. PLEASED TO BE GETTING OUT OF HERE, CERTAINLY.
FROM HERE TO CYBER-OUTPOST... 111 I BELIEVE...
FORMERLY THE PLANET, AMBERVALIA, SOON TO BE NEW TARN.
THANK YOU FOR PUTTING MY NAME FORWARD. I... DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO DO THAT.
NEITHER DID THE COMMANDANT. HE SAID HE WAS SO TOUCHED BY MY NOMINATING YOU THAT I COULD COME, TOO.
HE'S A STRANGE ONE.
I WONDER WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THAT MASK OF HIS.
THANK
FORGET THE GENERATORS— YOU SHOULD'VE FIXED THE AIR CONDITIONING. TALK ABOUT HOT!

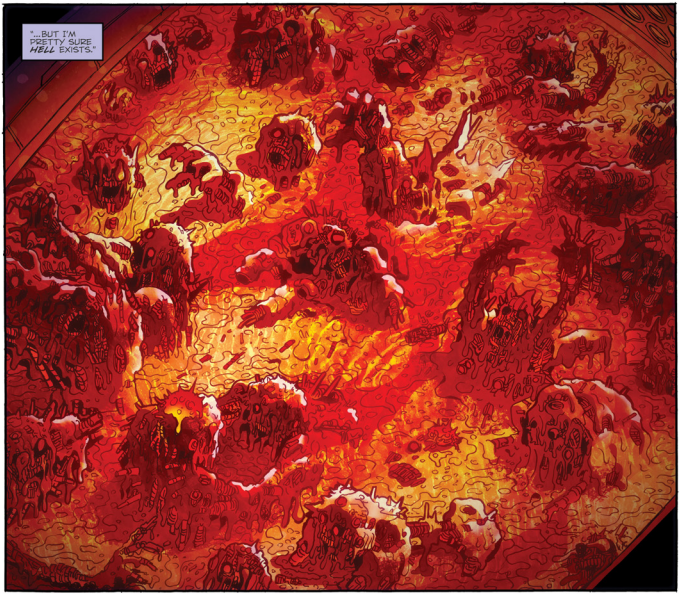

THAT'S ODD. THESE GROOVES IN THE FLOOR. ALMOST LIKE--I DON'T KNOW.
IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE FOR DRAINAGE. FOR EMPTYING THE CHAMBER.
EMPTYING IT? EMPTYING IT OF WHAT?
EMPTYING IT OF WHAT, SKIDS?
...
EMPTYING IT OF #G.
SO LOUD! CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!
OR SCREAM...
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.
VOMF
SKIDS!
AH, RIGHT ON CUE.
DRINK?
SORRY TO PULL YOU OUT OF THERE, BUT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO SEE THE RESULTS OF YOUR HANDIWORK.

IT'S AN INCINERATOR! A SMELTING CHAMBER!
I PREFER "TELEPORT CHAMBER." NO ONE QUEUES FOR A FURNACE. DO THEY?
WHY DO THIS?

LORD MEGATRON IS KEEN TO PRESS AHEAD WITH THE TROOP REPLENISHMENT PROGRAMME.
SPARKS AREN'T A PROBLEM— WE'VE APPROPRIATED THOUSANDS OF THOSE—BUT WE NEED GOOD BODIES TO PUT THEM IN.
EVEN IF ONLY HALF THE INMATES WERE BORN NATURALLY, WE CAN EXTRACT ENOUGH SENTIO METALLICO FROM THEIR REMAINS TO BUILD A BETTER CLASS OF M.T.O.*
YOU'RE SICK! THIS IS SICK!
*A MADE TO ORDER SOLDIER.

YOU BELIEVE IN PRIMUS, DON'T YOU, SKIDS? PRIMUS AND NORTILUS AND THE REST. DON'T LIE—YOUR FACE GIVES IT AWAY.
THE AFTERSPARK AND THE INFERNO— YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM, DON'T YOU?


I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL ME AN AGNOSTIC. YOU SEE, I'M NOT SURE ABOUT HEAVEN...


"...BUT I'M PRETTY SURE HELL EXISTS."

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #49 COVER SUB

by **NICK ROCHE** Colors by **JOSH BURCHAM**

☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #45 COVER RE

by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOHN PAUL BOVE**

☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #45 COVER RI

by **KEI ZAMA** (Coordination by Phase 6) Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

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by **CRAIG ROUSSEAU**

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by **BRENDAN CAHILL** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #48 COVER RI

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

☐ MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #49 COVER RI

by **ALEX MILNE** Colors by **JOSH PEREZ**

The Scavengers are back as the adventures of the *Lost Light* continue! TAILGATE has a choice to make—and if he had any idea what was at stake, he'd think twice before making it. Plus, the crew are caught off guard when a dead friend appears out of the blue.

Collects issues #45–49.

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